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LEADING WEEKLY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

VOL. XII. GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1894. NO. 22.

## AYCOCK WILL NOT RESIGN.

HE OUGHT TO BUT WILL NOT.

IT MIGHT EMBARRASS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY JUST AT THIS TIME.

SIMMONS FOLLOWS DEMOCRATIC PRECEDENT AND PUTS HIS KIN IN OFFICE — NEPOTISM ONCE COST A COLLECTOR HIS HEAD.

BUT SIMMONS IS SAFE UNDER CLEVELAND'S ADMINISTRATION.

**He does not Reply to Skinner's Letter and He has a Grievance against Gudger—In Time the Story Will be Told as an Illustration of Political Morality—His Retirement as Collector Causes no Great and Overwhelming Sorrow.**

(From Our Special Correspondent in Washington.)

WASHINGTON, March 23.—A wild rumor got loose here to-day to the effect that C. B. Aycock had resigned the District Attorneyship. It was finally "run down" by Jack Galloway, the A. C. headlight man; Aycock was produced and the "lie nailed." For a little while the report made a sensation. It was remembered

WHAT AYCOCK PROMISED

Repeatedly during the campaign to leave the Democratic party and join the Populist in the event that a Democratic congress failed to pass or a Democratic President refused to approve a free silver bill. It was the recollection of this that doubtless suggested the report, and when it struck Ransom's committee room it had reached the velocity of a Kansas cyclone. "Flyers" were sent to the Department of Justice, but no satisfactory information could be obtained until the A. C. man turned up with the victim of the joke. To say that an immense load was removed from Ransom hardly expresses it.

OUGHT TO BUT WILL NOT.

When it was seen that the report was a joke Ransom declared he knew that there was not a word of truth in it. But Aycock will not resign, and that means he will not join the Populist party. To be consistent he ought to resign, but he will not. Consistency is a very poor sort of a rough stone once a fellow gets a good pull at the pie counter. In

AYCOCK'S EXTENUATION

It is said that he is conscientious enough to do what he promised to do, but he owes something to Ransom and the Democratic party. His resignation at this time, it is asserted, would be disastrous to the party, and whatever may be his inclinations toward the Populist party, he is not quite prepared to sacrifice the Democratic now. It is further said in his behalf that campaign promises should not be taken too seriously. In any event, Aycock will not resign.

SIMMONS' NEPOTISM.

What is the matter with "Simmons' literary bureau" these days, was asked a Goldsboro man. "The impression down there is," he said, "that Simmons is a dead cock in the pit," and added, "there will be no freshet in Neuse river on account of the weeping that is done over it." Another piece of information was volunteered. "Vance," he said, "will have to take the stump in North Carolina, dead or alive, or there will be no Democratic campaign in the State. I'll wager a peck of turnip greens that Ransom will be burnt in effigy in every county in the State before the campaign is over." A well-known Fayetteville man corroborated this statement.

But Simmons, it seems, is making the most of the collectorship. His hay making will soon end, however. Vance is due here about April 1st. It is a curious thing about these North Carolina appointments. Ransom makes the selection, Cleveland make the nomination and Vance looks after the confirmation. When Ransom makes an appointment not personally offensive to him it goes through the confirmatory ordeal without a hitch. It looks as though Ransom had lost his grip. Bossism is dying slowly, but death comes to all some day. In putting his kin in office Simmons finds

MANY DEMOCRATIC PRECEDENTS

In Cleveland's administration. Carlisle and Herbert have pensioned their families on the tax-payers and it is hard to go amiss here in finding nepotism in every branch of the public service. In what the Democrats call the "corrupt days of Republicanism in North Carolina" Collector Winstead was removed from office on a charge of nepotism. His family tea party cost the tax-payers about $20,000 annually. When the matter was submitted to Secretary Sherman, he ordered his removal at once, saying: "I have been compelled to dismiss my own relations from office who were in the public service before my incumbency as Secretary of the Treasury." If that rule obtained to-day Simmons might cheat Vance out of a little satisfaction. But since the Democratic Congressional salary grab resolution of the last congress, nepotism, in the most flagrant and offensive form, is the rule among Democratic office holders. But speaking of Simmons it is observed that he makes

NO REPLY TO SKINNER

letter to Senator Vance, in which the statement is made that Simmons boasted of Elias' appointment as collector as an achievement of his own. Nor has he anything to say in reply to Gudger's statement. The truth is Gudger was extremely distasteful to Simmons. He abandoned the campaign and gave up the fight weeks before the election. He stated publicly that the State was hopelessly lost. It would take a bench warrant and a blood hound, he said, to find any trace of the Democratic party in the Eastern Counties. The sheriff of Halifax County, however, told him, that when the ballots were counted the Democratic majority would be equal to the emergency. How in the name of heaven its to be done, he said, I don't know, but I do know they can't monkey with the ballot box in many sections of the State. The monkeying was done, the majority was forthcoming and with 2000 Republican majority Halifax floats the Democratic banner, what a disgrace to the Vance banner which Catawba held so long! Well this story got to Simmons ears and it made him very mad. How he got even and what he told the President will make a pretty story for a subsequent issue of THE CAUCASIAN.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

THE PEOPLE ARE AROUSED.

**News Items From People's Party Headquarters, Washington, D. C.**

Business at headquarters is becoming brick as the campaign opens. Mails are increasing every day and the demand for literature comes from every section, which proves the wisdom of the Committee at St. Louis at its recent meeting in establishing a Department of Literature in connection with Headquarters.

A price list of all kinds of Reform Literature will be furnished by headquarters (No. 450 Pa. Ave.) to any one making application for same. All funds derived from sale of this literature will go into the campaign fund, therefore it is the duty of all Populists to order their literature through headquarters, where they can get it just as cheap as elsewhere and at the same time contribute something to the building up of the party.

OREGON.

Reports from primaries held in Oregon indicate that Mr. Pierce will be the Populist candidate for Governor, and that Governor Pennoyer will be put forth as the Populist candidate for the U. S. Senate to succeed Mr. Dolph, Republican gold bug. It is pretty well settled that Senator Stewart and Congressman Pence will, with quite a number of our ablest speakers, spend sometime on the stump in Oregon during April and May. Oregon is the key to the situation. If the Populist carry Oregon in June, lookout for a landslide in November.

SENATOR PEFFER'S TARIFF BILL.

The Finance Committee of the Senate has reported the so-called "Wilson Tariff Bill" to the Senate. Senator Peffer will will offer his bill not as an amendment to the Wilson bill, but rather as an amendment to the present McKinley law. It is so drawn as to put the least tariff on the necessities of life and the greatest tariff on the luxuries. It will also provide for a graduated income tax as introduced by Mr. Pence in the House. It will undoubtedly be a great improvement on the Wilson inconsistency.

PUNCHING UP THE ANIMALS.

For several days it was reported in the New York papers that certain Senators were taking advantage of what was transpiring in the Senate Finance committee, relative to the sugar schedules, to gamble in sugar trust stocks and make a few thousand. After a few days of quiet, and about the the guilty ones were congratulating themselves that the storm of criticism had about blown over, Senator Peffer serenely bobbed up with a resolution calling for a committee of five Senators to investigate these reports and rumors, and report their finding to the Senate, whereupon quite a number of Senators arose and protested their innocence. Senator Peffer is determined to push his resolution and have the investigation. Some rich and rare disclosures are looked for. It is so nice to have a Populist Senator sitting around, sometimes.

ALABAMA POLITICS.

Everything in Alabama points to sweeping victory for the Populist in August. The Democrats down there are at their old tricks, inventing and industriously circulating all manner of lies about what the Populists should have done in the campaign of 1892, in effecting combinations with the Republicans. When a party begins to lie this early in the campaign, it is pretty good evidence that they have no faith in its ability to win by honest methods.

KENTUCKY TO THE FRONT.

In a letter to headquarters from W. P. Marsh, Secretary of the Populist State Executive Committee of Kentucky, he states that the People's party will make an active campaign in that State. County conventions are being held and organizations are being rapidly perfected. The People's party will have candidates in all the congressional districts in the State with fine prospects for success in quite a number of them.

A CHANGE.

J. H. Turner, Secretary of the National Committee of the People's party, who for the past few months has been connected with the Nation's View, of this city, as associate editor and busidess manager, has resigned his position on that paper and will perform the duties as Secretary of the Committee.

**Bryan to Speak at Greensboro.**

Dr. Chas D. McIver has secured the promise of Congressman Bryan of Nebraska, to deliver the oration at the commencement exercises of the Greensboro school for girls.

Try to send in at least one new subscriber with your renewal.

## THAT GREAT "IF."

If you DIDN'T go to the World's Fair you wish you had.

If you went ALONE, you wish now you had taken your wife.

If you BOTH went you wish you had taken the CHILDREN, or your sister, or somebody.

**IT IS SO, ISN'T IT?**

But the Show is not only over, the buildings themselves are a mass of blackened ruins.

## WHAT NEXT?

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(SEE COUPON ON SECOND PAGE.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

**"Watchman for the Federal Building."**

"Secretary Carlisle has authorized Postmaster Boshamer, custodian of the Federal building, to appoint a night watchman for the building, and the postmaster has appointed Mr. J. P. Young to the position. Mr. Young is a good man and an active Democratic worker, and deserving of the place. The salary is $30.00 per month. Mr. Young will go on duty as soon as his commission arrives.

"The appointment of a watchman was made necessary by the fact that the building is unprotected in case of fire, and the further fact that the corridors, which are left open to the public at all times, are a rendezvous for tramps, etc., etc."

Concord, N. C., March, 17, '94.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN:—The above I clip from the Statesville Landmark of the 8th inst. To the masses and admirers of the Democratic chieftan Grover, and those left in the ranks and file of the G. O. P. of 1892, the above paragraph will shine in letters of gold, as a magnificent act of the greatest government the sun used to shine on. But everything, including a jug and the Democratic party have two (?) sides. Is it not strange, that in a time of financial trouble like the present, that the G. O. P. which preached on the housetops, and along the highways of the reckless waste of money by the Republican party; and preached and promised should "we" get into power "we" will show people how "we" will economize and save their money!

"We" got there and "we" are rewarding our friends, among them Mr. J. P. Young, "an active worker for the party," by spending on him $360.00 per year for doing police duty, keeping the tramps out of the government building in Statesville.

Who made the overproduction of tramps? Was it not the same government that drives them out of the court house in Statesville? Ye Alliancemen take your pencil and figure, and you will see the pay of Mr. Young would buy 240 sacks of overproduction N. C. flour, to feed these tramps (not from choice) and their wives and children. The laboring class of citizens thought Statesville had a city police, and a fire company to protect the U. S. court house.

We all learn as we grow older, and I am lead to say as Job said: "Oh that mine adversary had written a book,' as the Landmark and other Democratic papers are doing. The party has and is now writing a book to their sorrow. JUSTICE.

**Report of State Geological Survey.**

The report of the State Geological Survey just published gives attention to the magnetic and specular ores of Granville County, the brown hematites of Ore Hill, in Chatham County, the magnetic ores of Stokes, Surry, and Yadkin counties, the magnetite and brown hematite ores of Catawba, Lincoln, and Gaston counties, the magnetite ores of Ashe, Mitchell, and Madison counties, the brown hematite ores of Western Madison and Cherokee counties.

## PRESS OPINIONS.

**$25,000,000 Saved to the People.**

(National Watchman.)

Hon. Jerry Simpson saved the country an expense of an additional clerk to the Interstate Committee. This extra clerk would have been a sinecure for some Congressman's brother or relative. Jerry saved nearly one-half of his salary by defeating the resolution. Such little matters count up in the long run. It is estimated that the Populist during the past years have saved the country more than $25,000,000 by standing in the way of jobs and frauds.

**A Great Big Black Stubborn Fact.**

(Hickory Mercury.)

Some of the papers have begun to cry negro rule for the campaign this fall. They say let Cleveland, Vance and Ransom do as they may we must not turn the State over to the negroes. The people cannot be fooled that way, gentlemen. That was the cry two years ago, but the Vance Democratic banner went to a negro county, all the same.

**No Friends at Court.**

[Nonconformist.]

Everybody seems to have friends among the democratic leaders in congress except the plain, taxpaying people. All the trusts have powerful friends at court, who take care of their interests. The whisky trust is solid with Voorhees at the helm. The coal combines can rest their case with Gorman, Brice, et al. But the producers are whipsawed at every turn.

**Should Plead Insanity or the "Baby Act."**

[Independent American.]

When the democratic party goes before the people to give an account of its stewardship it should put in the plea of insanity.

[Living Issues, Ga.]

Why not plead the "baby act"—too young? It must get there on one or the other, or be left at home.

**The Two Weakest.**

(Greensboro Record.)

The Winston Sentinel nominates Grover Cleveland and M. W. Ransom for President and Vice President in '96—two of the weakest men in the party.

**The Wicked Are Scared.**

(Hickory Mercury.)

From the tone of the Democratic papers, it seems they are scared out of their wits about the Populists and Republicans fusing in this State. "The wicked fleeth when no man persueth."

**A Great Historical Fact.**

[Nonconformist.]

No old party ever was or ever will be reformed "from within." The only effective way is to get outside and throw rocks. The ox will not turn his head until hit on the horn.

There was an incendiary fire at the town of Benson, Johnston County, Saturday night March, 18th. The general stores of L. W. Mangum & Co. and Ryals & Co., and the hardware store of E. H. & B. H. Woodall, and a dwelling owned by a man named Johnson, were completely destroyed, the total loss being some $6 000. The fire originated, it is said, in the store of Mangum & Co., and there were charges of incendiarism.

## VANCE COMMENDED.

A BIG MASS MEETING IN IREDELL CO

**All Parties In It, A Complete Success, Non-Partisan in Its Make-up.—Some Ringing Resolutions.**

MR. EDITOR:—According to a bone fide call of a majority of the executive committees of the different political parties of Davidson township, a mass meeting was held at the voting precinct on March 9th, 1894, for the purpose of discussing the main political issues of the day and to approve the right and condemn the wrong.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. M. W. Bell, and J. A. Mills, Esq., was elected permanent Chairman, and E. C. Miller Secretary.

After some discussion in a non-partisan way, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, with a request that they should be sent to some paper for publication:

PREAMBLE.

We, the citizens of Davidson township, in a mass meeting, seeing that our beloved institution that were set up by Thos. Jefferson upon the great principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, has turned out a dismal failure by elevating such men to office as Grover Cleveland and others of his school of thought who have made and shaped the policy of our government for the last thirty years. That policy has been and is the greatest good to the fewest number. That policy, while the people have doubled the wealth of the nation, has made it possible for the great masses of the people to come to the very verge of want and destitution, has produced two millions of tramps and forced ten millions out of employment. This same policy has put into the hands of eighty-five thousand men one half the wealth of the Nation up to date, while the remaining half is gradually slipping from the hands of the remaining 65,000,000 of people. What a deplorable future for our homes, our wives and children! This is going on daily while those in authority have agreed together they purpose to drown the out cries of a plundered people with the uproar of a sham both over the tariff so that capitalists, corporations, rings, trusts, watered stock, demonetization of silver, and the oppression of the usuer may all be lost sight of. They propose to sacrifice our homes, wives and children on the altar of mammon, to destroy the multitudes in order to secure corruption funds from the millionaires to debauch elections.

RESOLUTIONS.

Therefore be it

Resolved, 1st, That we endorse Hon. Z. B. Vance for the noble stand he made for the people in defiance of silver while it was being outlawed by the enemies of the people in congress. We pledge ourselves to stand by silver, and we demand of our representatives in congress to stand by silver to be coined free at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Resolved, 2nd, That we do most earnestly protest against the issue of interest bearing bonds by the government in time of profound peace as a crime against the people, and we call on our representatives and our senators to resist it by every means in their power.

Resolved, 3rd, That we will not cast our votes in the future for any man for any position without first pledging himself to use every means within his power to reduce the salaries of all officers, from the President down, so that it will make them come nearer to live as we the sovereigns of the land are forced to live, and in order to put a check on the mad scramble for office.

Resolved, 4th, That we are in favor of free and honest election in North Carolina.

Resolved, 5th, That in the coming campaign that we will be men and cast our suffrages for home and the above principles enumerated in the resolutions.

J. A. MILLS, Chairman.
E. C. MILLER, Secretary.

## A WEEK'S NEWS

**GATHERED FROM EVERY QUARTER OF THE WORLD**

**And Briefly Told For the Readers of The Caucasian.**

**Battle Ground of Bentonsville.**

J. W. Kirksey, of the War-Records Office, at Washington, and Captain Cowles, United States Army, have spent several days at the battle-grond of Bentonsville, Johnston County, locating the position of troops of both armies engaged there. It is said that in proportion to the number engaged the loss in killed and wounded at Bentonville was greater than in any other engagement of the war.

**President Bates Acquitted.**

The trial of Mr. Isaac Bates, president of the late suspended Bank of New Hanover, of Wilmington, came off in the Superior court in that city yesterday and resulted in the acquittal of the defendant. Mr. W. S. O. B. Robinson, of this city, was of counsel for the defense.

**8th. Y. M. C. A. Convention.**

The eighteenth annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of North Carolina, will be held in Wilmington, April 5th to 8th.

Gov. Tillman has declared himself a candidate for U. S. Senate The fight will be between the Governor and Senator Butler.

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NANIAS!"

"Ye-as, suh?"

"What time is it?"

"G y a h d-mountin' done gone, suh."

"The devil it has! What do you mean, sir, by allowing me to sleep on in this shameless and unconscionable manner, when an indulgent government is suffering for my services? What sort of a day is it, sir?"

"Beautiful day, Mr. Waring."

"Then go at once to Mr. Larkin and tell him he can't wear his new silk hat this morning—I want it, and you fetch it. Don't allow him to ring in the old one on you. Tell him I mean the new 'spring style' he just brought from New York. Tell Mr. Ferry I want that new Hatfield suit of his, and you get Mr. Pierce's silk umbrella; then come back here and get my bath and my coffee. Stop, there, Ananias! Give my pious regards to the commanding officer, sir, and tell him there's no drill for 'X' battery this morning, as I'm to breakfast at Mercan's at eleven o'clock and go to the matinee afterwards."

"Beg pahdon, suh, but de cunnle's done ohdered review fo' de whole command, suh, right at nine o'clock."

"So much the better. Then Capt. Cram must stay, and won't need his swell team. Go right down to the stable and tell Jeffers I'll drive at ninethirty."

"But—"

"No buts, you incorrigible rascal! I don't pay you a princely salary to raise obstacles. I don't pay you at all, sir, except at rare intervals and in moments of mental decrepitude. Go at once! Allez! Chassez! Skoot!"

"But, lieutenant," says Ananias, his black face shining, his even white teeth all agleam, "Capt. Cram stopped in on de way back from stables to say Glenco'd sprained his foot and you was to ride de bay colt. Please get up, suh. Boots and saddles'll soun' in ten minutes."

"It won't, but if it does I'll brain the bugler. Tell him so. Tell Capt. Cram he's entirely mistaken; I won't ride the bay colt—nor Glenco. I'm going driving, sir, with Capt. Cram's own team and road wagon. Tell him so. Going in forty-five minutes by my watch. Where is it, sir?"

"It ain't back from de jeweler's, suh, where you dun lef' it day before yist'day; but his boy's hyuh now, suh, wid de bill for las' year. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him to go to—quarantine. No! Tell him the fever has broken out here again, sir, and not to call until ten o'clock next spring—next mainspring they put in that watch. Go and get Mr. Merton's watch. Tell him I'll be sure to overstay in town if he doesn't send it, and then I can't take him up and introduce him to those ladies from Louisville to-morrow. Impress that on him, sir, unless he's gone and left it on his bureau, in which case impress the watch—the watch, sir, in any case. No! Stop again, Ananias; not in any case, only in the gold hunting case; no other. Now then, vanish!"

"But, lieutenant, 'fo' Gawd, suh, dey'll put you in arrest if you cuts drill dis time. Cunnle Braxton says to Capt. Cram only two days ago, suh, dat—"

But here a white arm shot out from a canopy of mosquito netting, and first a boot-jack, then a slipper, then a heavy top boot, came whizzing past the darkey's dodging head, and, finding expostulation vain, that faithful servitor bolted out in search of some ally more potent, and found one, though not the one he sought or desired, just entering the adjoining room.

A big fellow, too—too big, in fact, to be seen wearing, as was the fashion in the sixties, the shell jacket of the light artillery. He had a full round body, and a full round ruddy face, and a little round visorless cap cocked on one side of a round head, not very full of brains, perhaps, yet reputed to be fairly stocked with what is termed "horse sense." His bulky legs were thrust deep in long boots, and ornamented, so far as the skin-tight breeches of sky blue were concerned, with a scarlet welt along the seam, a welt that his comrades were wont to say would make a white mark on his nose, so red and bulbous was that organ. He came noisily in from the broad veranda overlooking the parade ground, glanced about on the disarray of the bachelor sitting-room, then whirled on Ananias.

"Mr. Waring dressed?"

"No-o, suh; jus' woke up, suh; ain't out o' bed yit."

"The lazy vagabond! Just let me get at him a minute," said the big man, tramping over to the doorway as though bent on invading the chamber beyond. But Ananias had halted short at sight of the intruder, and stood there resolutely barring the way.

"Beg pardon, lieutenant, but Mr. Waring ain't had no bath yit. Can I mix de lieutenant a cocktail, suh?"

"Can you? You black imp of Satan, why isn't it ready now, sir? Sure you could have seen I was as dhry as a limekiln from the time I came through the gate. Hware's the demijohn, you villain?"

"Bein' refilled, suh, down to de sto', but da's a little on de sideboa'd, suh," answered Ananias, edging over thither, now that he had lured the invader away from the guarded doorway. "Take it straight, suh, o' wid bitters—o' toddy?"

"Faith, I'll answer ye as Pat did the parson: I'll take it straight now, and then be drinking the toddy while your honor is mixin' the punch. Give me hold of it, you smudge! and tell your masther it's review—full-dress—and it's time for him to be up. Has he had his two cocktails yet?"

"The lieutenant doesn't care fo' any dis mawnin', suh. I'll fetch him his coffee in a minute. Did you see de cunnle's ode'ly, suh? He was lookin' fo' you a moment ago."

The big red man was gulping down a big drink of the fiery liquor at the instant. He set the glass back on the sideboard with unsteady hand and glared at Ananias suspiciously.

"Is it troot' you're tellin', nigger? Hwat did he say was wanted?"

"Didn't say, suh, but de cunnle's in his office. Yahnduh comes de oade'ly, too, suh; guess he must have hyuhd you was over hyuh."

The result of this announcement was not unexpected. The big man made a leap for the chamber door, only to find it slammed in his face from the other side.

"Hwat the devil's the matter with your master this morning, Ananias?—Waring! Waring, I say! Let me in. The K. O.'s orderly is afther me, and all on account of your bringing me in at that hour last night. Tell him I've gone, Ananias. Let me in, Waring, there's a good fellow."

"Go to blazes, Doyle!" is the unfeeling answer from the other side. "I'm bathing." And a vigorous splashing follows the announcement.

"For the Lord's sake, Waring, let me in. Sure, I can't see the colonel now. If I could stand him off until review and inspection's over and he's had his dhrink he'd let the whole thing drop; but that blackguard of a sinthry has given us away. Sure I told you he would."

"Then slide down the lightning-rod! Fly up the chimney! Evaporate! Dry up and blow away, but get out! You can't come in here."

"Oh, for mercy's sake, Waring! Sure 'twas you that got me into the scrape. You know that I was dhrunk when you found me up the levee, You made me come down when I didn't want to. Hwat did I say to the man last night, anyhow?"

"Say to him? Poor devil! why, you never can remember after you're drunk what you've been doing the night before. Some time it'll be the death of you. You abused him like a pickpocket—the sergeant of the guard and everybody connected with it."

"Oh, murther! murther! murther!" groaned the poor Irishman, sitting down and covering his face with his hands. "Sure, they'll court-martial me this time without fail, and I know it. For God's sake, Waring, can't ye let a feller in and say that I'm not here?"

"Hyuh, dis way, lieutenant," whispered Ananias, mysteriously. "Slip out on de po'ch and into Mr. Pierce's room. I'll tell you when he's gone." And in a moment the huge bulk of the senior lieutenant of Light Battery "X" was being boosted through a window opening from the gallery into the bachelor den of the junior second lieutenant. No sooner was this done than the negro servant darted back, closed and bolted the long green Venetian blinds behind him, tiptoed to the bedroom door, and, softly tapping, called:

"Mr. Waring! Mr. Waring! get dressed quick as you can, suh! I'll lay out your uniform in hyuh."

"I tell you, Ananias, I'm going to town, sir; not to any ridiculous review. Go and get what I ordered you. See that I'm properly dressed, sir, or I'll discharge you. Confound you, sir, there isn't a drop of Florida water in this bath, and none on my bureau! Go and rob Mr. Pierce—or anybody."

But Ananias was already gone. Darting out on the gallery, he took a header through the window of the adjoining quarters through which Mr. Doyle had escaped, snatched a long flask from the dressing table and was back in the twinkling of an eye.

"What became of Mr. Doyle?" asked Waring, as he thrust a bare arm through a narrow aperture to receive the spoil. "Don't let him get drunk; he's got to go to review, sir. If he doesn't, Col. Braxton may be so inconsiderate as to inquire why both the lieutenants of 'X' battery are missing. Take good care of him till the review, sir, then let him go to grass; and don't you dare leave me without Florida water again if you have to burglarize the whole post. What's Mr. Doyle doing, sir?"

"Peekin' froo de blin's in Mr. Pierce's room, suh; lookin' fo' de oade'ly. I done tole him de cunnle was ahter him, but he ain't, suh," chuckled Ananias. "I fixed it all right wid de gyahd dis mawnin, suh. Dey won' tell 'bout his cuttin' up las' night. He'd forgot de whole t'ing, suh; he allays does; he never does know what's happened de night befo'. He wouldn't 'a' known about dis, but I told his boy Jim to tell him 'bout it ahter stables. I told Jim to sweah dat dey'd repohted it to de cunnle."

"Very well, Ananias; very well, sir; you're a credit to your name. Now go and carry out my orders. Don't forget Capt. Cram's wagon. Tell Jeffers to be here with it on time." And the lieutenant returned to his bath without waiting for reply.

"Ye-as, suh," was the subordinate answer, as Ananias promptly turned, and, whistling cheerily, went banging out upon the gallery and clattering down the open stairway to the brick-paved court below. Here he as promptly turned, and, noiseless as a cat, shot up the stairway, tiptoed back into the sitting-room, kicked off his low-heeled slippers, and rapidly, but with hardly an audible sound, resumed the work on which he had been engaged—the arrangement of his master's kit.

Already, faultlessly brushed, folded and hanging over the back of a chair close by the chamber door were the bright blue, scarlet-welted battery trousers then in vogue, very snug at the knee, very springy over the foot. Underneath them, spread over the square back of the chair, a dark-blue, single-breasted frock-coat, hanging nearly to the floor, its shoulders decked with huge epaulettes, to the right one of which were attached the braid and loops of a heavy gilt aiguillette whose glistening pendants were hung temporarily on the upper button. On the seat of the chair was folded a broad soft sash of red silk net, its tassels carefully spread. Beside it lay a pair of long buff gauntlets, new and spotless. At the door, brilliantly polished, stood a pair of buttoned gaiter boots, the heels decorated with small glistening brass spurs. In the corner, close at hand, leaned a long, curved saber, its gold sword-knot, its triple-guarded hilt, its steel scabbard and plated bands and rings, as well as the swivels and buckle of the black sword-belt, showing the perfection of finish in

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

## SENATOR STEWART INDIGNANT.

HE DENIES EMPHATICALLY THAT HE IS A REPUBLICAN.

**How He Scored a Delegation of Tariff Cranks Who Asked for Sympathy.**

Washington, D. C., March 20.—The inaccuracy of the plutocratic news gatherers in this city when they send out anything in regard to the Populist is amusing. They insist on calling Senator Stewart a Republican. He is the chairman of the Populist congressional caucus. Whenever they report a vote in the senate they alway say: "The Populist and Senator Stewart voted," so or so, or if they give a capitulation by parties they will say: "All the democrats voted and all the republicans voted nay except Senator Stewart, who voted with the Populists." I would have given a good deal to have some of the bright young men who work for the great plutocratic dailies witness a little scene that occured at Senator Stewart's rooms the other day. Just after I entered a delegation headed by a typical plutocrat from New York City called on the Senator. I was about to retire when he said to me sotto voce: "Oh just was a minute, I will soon be through with these fellows." I retired to the back part of the room and did not catch the first words that were said. When I did look up the senator was standing in the middle of the room, shaking his tightly clinched fist and saying in a voice loud enough to be heard in an adjourning room:

"Confound it, don't call me a republican. Do you suppose I would associate with a gang of thieves and pirates led by Sherman and Carlisle, every one of whom is intent on looting this country and reducing the people to slavery." The leader of the delegation, a fine appearing, richly dressed man of about fifty years, stood hat in hand, starting at Stewart in astonishment.

"But your sympathies," he said hesitattingly, "are certainly with us on the tariff. Now if this Wilson Bill passes the Senate in the present shape it will squeeze us to death."

"I hope it will," said Stewart. "I would like to see you get squeezed and the harder you are squeezed the better it will be. Perhaps it will enable you to stop a moment and consider the squeezing process that the gold contractionists are applying to the whole country. The moment the screws are turned down the least bit you raise a howl that is heard from Maine to California but the millions all over this land who are having the life squeezed out of them say nothing. They don't send any delegations here, but I am for them. I don't care anything about your tariff; that's not what's the matter with this country. Its contraction that is killing us, not the tariff, but contraction. Go home and think awhile on the money question and you will soon find a way to be prosperous without hindering the prosperity of someone else."

"But Senator, you will certainly hear out statement about the duty on—"

"No, no, no," said Stewart, extending his hands, palms forward, "I won't hear anything about it for there is nothing in it. I tell you that the trouble is contraction. If we had plenty of money, you and every one else could be prosperous, but with a constantly contracting volume of money we will be ruined, tariff or no tariff."

Then the great New York delegation turned and went, and the associated press agents and writers on the great New York dailies still continue to call Stewart a republican.—Special correspondence Non-conformist.

NOTES ON WIFE HUNTING.

**A Laugh for Everybody.**

Opera House, Goldsboro, N. C. first Thursday night in April.

War record of Captain Kendrick, who will deliver the lecture.

PRINTED BY REQUEST OF COMRADES,

[Endorsement on a Petition for Transfer from one Regiment to another.]

Headquarters 37th, Ala. Reg't Infantry, Baker's Brigade, April 26th, 1864.

In the 15th Alabama Regiment Captain Kendrick served through all the campaigns of Gen. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson in the valley of Virginia, and in all the battles fought by that General distinguished himself for coolness and gallantry. He was also in the battles around Richmond, at Cedar Mountain, in all of which he behaved with distinguished gallantry. Since he has always shown himself to be a most gallant and efficient officer. At Iuka, Look out mountain, Missionary Ridge, &c., he displayed the highest order of coolness and gallantry. He is remarkably well acquainted with all the duties of the Company Regimental, Field and Staff offices. He is a martinent in discipline. It is with deep regret that I part with an officer so thoroughly tried and so efficient.

ALEX. A. GREENE,
Col. Com'd'g 37th Ala, Reg't Infantry

**Two Whales Captured.**

[Newberne Journal]

Beaufort, N. C., 8:20 p. m.—Fishermen of Cape banks killed two large whales to-day and are chasing another which will make four killed within four days, these being the first killed on this coast in even years.

# THE CAUCASIAN

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MARION BUTLER, Editor & Propr.

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SIX MONTHS. . . . . 50

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### A "FOOL'S ERRAND."

Coxy, an Ohio millionaire crank, has rallied an army of unemployed to march to Washington to demand certain legislation. He and his followers started on their march from Massillon, Ohio, on last Sunday. The plutocrats will hire enough thugs to join the crowd to bring disgrace on it. We expect to hear of some of these hired thugs committing acts of violence. Then the plutocratic press will charge it all up to the People's party. If Coxy were fit for a leader he could foresee all this. There is sufficient cause for such a demonstration, but as planned, it is worse than a "fool's errand." We fear the movement will result in more harm than good.

### THE RALEIGH ORGAN SILENCED.

The News-Observer-Chronicle in an editorial challenged THE CAUCASIAN to show any changes made in the election law by the Supreme court decision in the case of Harris vs. Scarborough. In the same editorial that paper intimated that THE CAUCASIAN should familiarize itself with the law and the decision. THE CAUCASIAN in its reply, quoted the law, and also quoted from the majority opinion of the court to show that it changed the law by making the voter responsible for a neglect of duty of the registrar. We gave illustrations showing how a registrar could easily show favoritism to the extent of disfranchising his political opponents, and that the Supreme court decision sustained him in it. We asked the Observer to say whether or not it thought this was right and just. This silenced the Raleigh organ. It may have learned something itself or it may realize that one or two papers can no longer keep the truth from the people.

### ANNUAL REPORT OF STATE LABOR COMMISSIONER.

THE CAUCASIAN acknowledges receipt of annual report of B. R. Lacy, State Commissioner of Cabor Statistics, for 1893. From the examination that we have had time to give the report, it appears that the Commissioner is doing his best to serve the State in that department under the circumstances. He says that the appropriation is too small to enable him to visit the different sections of the State to gather the necessary information. He says that only 30 per cent. of the persons questioned answered, and then asks the question: "Is it likely that a man will answer who is not treating his fellow man as he should?"

He says that the farmers answered more promptly than any other class. He says that though farm wages are very low, yet the farm laborer is now getting all that it is possible to pay him at the present prices of crops, and is receiving no less than he did when cotton was selling at nine cents a pound.

### THE SEIGNIORAGE BILL.

Before THE CAUCASIAN reaches many of its readers, the action of the President toward it will be known. The law requires that within ten days after the passage of a bill by Congress, that the President shall sign it or write his objections on it and return to Congress, which is called vetoing a bill. If the President does neither, then the bill becomes a law at the end of the tenth day. Up to date President Cleveland has neither signed nor vetoed the seigniorage bill. This is his last day of grace.

We can't see how the rankest gold bug could object to such a simple business proposition, as using money on hand to meet expenses. We could not expect any one but a hired agent of the bond holders to prefer to borrow money and pay interest on it, while the government has this silver lying idle in the Treasury vaults We believe that the President, as hostile as he is to silver and as friendly as he is to the gold bugs, will sign the bill.

### "WHAT THE ISSUE SHALL BE."

Under the above head the Hickory Mercury publishes the following editorial in its last issue. We do not add a word to it or take one from it. It sizes up the situation in a very few words. It says:

"The Democratic papers especially, are puzzled as to what issues to make the coming campaign on. They say it will not do to go into National politics. We can't see how they can prevent that since congressmen are to be elected, and the Legislature will be called upon to elect a Senator. The Populist will force a fair discussion of national politics on them. They will not take the abuse they did two years ago, because of Grover Cleveland, and not show up that gentleman this time. In other words, they were weighed in the Cleveland balances and kicked out of the Democratic party two years ago. Now they are going to weigh that party in the same balances. The fur is going to fly, and Cleveland Democracy of two years ago, can prepare for it."

Down the machine and save the State.

### A PERTINENT AND TIMELY QUESTION.

THE CAUCASIAN has received a letter from a subscriber asking the following question:

Mr. Editor:- I see in several Democratic papers a statement to the effect that the Public Debt was reduced $12,336,765 during the month of February. Now, Mr. Editor, in view of the fact that the Public Debt has been increased by issuing $50,000,000 gold interest-bearing bonds during the month of February, and that this was done because the government not only did not have money to pay any debts, but did not have enough for current expenses, the above statement needs some little explanation. Will you please give us some light on it," etc.

We regret that our correspondent did not send this question to some of the Democratic papers of the State or nation. We don't believe any of them that published the above statement would have answered the question, and if they had tried, it would have been amusing to see the reply. For it is a fact (and we regret to state it) that there are papers in more than one party that are not honest enough with their readers to give the facts, when the facts will hurt their party.

That the statement about reducing the public debt is basely false is a self-evident fact. But this question gives us an opportunity to expose a piece of jugglery in connection with that bond issue, that we intended to refer to before. It is this: When Carlisle advertised for bids for $50,000,000 of bonds to be paid for in gold, the New York banks collected some greenbacks, took them to the Treasury and demanded that they be redeemed. The law requires that they be redeemed in coin. Mr. Carlisle, instead of redeeming them in silver of which he had plenty, redeems them in gold, thus cutting down the gold reserve still further. The bankers then offered the Secretary back the same gold in payment for the bonds. This amounted to between $12,000,000 and $13,000,000. So Mr. Carlisle lost gold by the transaction and leaves the circulation of the currency reduced over $12,000,000, and in the place of the money an interest-bearing debt. Of course the gold bugs could have taken $50,000,000 of greenbacks, had them redeemed and a debt put in their place without paying a single dollar of gold into the treasury. But we suppose that they were afraid to be too greedy lest they attract the attention of the plain people to their jugglery and infamy. The gold bugs always refer to the greenbacks as a "debt." They do not refer to bonds as a debt but a means of "strengthening the public credit."

So when they say the public debt was reduced $12,336,775, we suppose they mean that that money was taken out of circulation and an interest-bearing debt put on the people.

### TWO DEMOCRATIC PLATFORMS.

1892—Give us a chance.
1894—Give us another chance.

### THE TEST OF LOYALTY IN 1892 & 1894.

The big cuckoos and the little cuckoos of the State machine are now putting forth the following as the rule for their humble and obedient followers in the next campaign:

"The National Democratic platform should be the party's chart, but unqualified endorsement of Cleveland's administration and congress should not be the test of party fealty."

In 1892 Cleveland was made the test of party fealty. The editor of THE CAUCASIAN appealed to the State Ex. Committee of the Democratic party not to make such a test. But the machine, hungering for spoils and scenting the government pie-counter, said no, that Cleveland, the ponderous gold bug, should be the test down even to county conventions. It was then that the editor of THE CAUCASIAN walked out of the party to preserve his Democracy.

And THE CAUCASIAN proposes to feed the machine, that gang of spoil hunters, with their own medicine. Cleveland was made the test of Democracy in 1892, he should be the test of Democracy now. Let the sheep and the goats separate. If you are a Cleveland man then you are a fitting follower of the Democratic machine; get thee hence over with the goats; if you are opposed to Cleveland and his methods, and are a Jeffersonian Democrat, come over to this side and stand with the people.

One word more: That Chicago platform the chart! What does it mean? It means just what Cleveland has interpreted it to mean. If you ask a lawyer what the election law means, he will not point you to the wording of the law, but to the Supreme court decision on the law. He will not point you to the dissenting opinion of the court. So the Chicago platform means what Cleveland and the Democratic administration has interpreted it to mean—for a gold standard and a protective tariff, and this shall be the "test of loyalty" in 1894.

### A GOLD BUG CONGRESS CAN'T.

If congress can create money for the bankers, can it not create money for all the people?—The People's Cause.

No church or political party, when once corrupt, has ever reformed. In every case the people have never gotten reform until they left the corrupt old machine and marched out with their life-long principles into a new organization. History is now repeating itself.

### THE FACT STILL STANDS.

THE CAUCASIAN'S Washington correspondent in our issue of March 8th said:

"They may never get the credit, but to the Populists belong the credit of passing the seigniorage bill."

The Sampson Democrat in a vain effort to reply to the above says:

"Not content with falsifying, Jonathan has now resorted to stealing—stealing credit from Democrats and trying to make Populists the recipients of stolen honors. The majority of votes cast for the measure in the House was greater than the whole number of Populist members in Congress. The measure was introduced by a Democrac and passed by Democratic votes, and the only credit Populist members are entitled to is that of voting with Democrats for a Democratic measure."

Before the editor of the Democrat accuses others of falsifying he should be more careful in his own statements. He tries to create the impression that the Democrats could and did pass this measure by their own party votes. Let us see; there are 225 Democratic congressmen. Only 140 Democrats voted for the bill. There are 338 votes in the House. Then how can 140 votes—which is even 28 votes less than a quorum for transacting business—pass a bill?

Every People's party congressman voted for the bill, and if a single one had failed to vote for the bill it would not have passed. Not only this but when large a number of Democrats were staying away from the House to break a quorum, every People's party congressman was in his seat helping to make a quorum. And further, when Bland, who had charge of the bill, became discouraged and was about to give up the fight, it was Hon. Lafe Pence, speaking for all the People's party congressmen, who came to the front and said that the fight should not be given up. He said that the absent Democratic congressmen should be brought into the House (under arrest if necessary) and made to vote for or against the bill, or that the People's party congressmen would block all other legislation.

These are the plain unvarnished facts which the editor of the Democrat must know, for he is not an ignorant man, and he certainly should not hold them from his readers, even though they do not suit his purpose.

Next the editor of the Democrat charges our Washington correspondent with "stealing." Great Scott! What cheek it takes for a Democratic paper to charge anybody with "stealing." They ought even if they intend to reform to have decency enough not to charge a negro with stealing even if they catch him robbing a hen roost. Especially should a paper refrain from talking about stealing that has magnified one Simmons, and upheld the unsavory hands of other men who have achieved ballot box "distinkshun."

The National Watchman says that the Wilson bill puts asses on the free list. If it would also put cuckoos on the free list there might be some chance for the gold bug party to make up for its lost membership before the next election.

### THREE MORE NEW REFORM PAPERS.

Since our last issue three more new North Carolina People's party papers have made their appearance.

GRANVILLE COUNTY REFORMER:—This is a neat six column paper published at Oxford, N. C., by the J. W. Brown Pub. Co. The first issue is dated March 15th, 1894. Granville needs a good local paper, and we trust that this one will fill the bill. The first issue is a splendid paper.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER:—This is a six column paper published at Charlotte, N. C. Mr. J. Z. Green is editor and J. P. Sossaman local editor. It is a live hustling paper. Mr. Green is a talented and enterprising young man. He is the editor of two other papers, "Our Home." Beaver Dam, N. C., and the "Populist," Lumberton, N. C. The editorial department of all these three papers is the same, with a local page for the respective localities. Mr. Green's enterprise illustrates what can be done even with small capital. We wish there were hundreds of such men in the State. There should be a good local People's party paper in every county in North Carolina. State papers like THE CAUCASIAN are needed, but they can't do the local work for each section. Let the Reformers in every county make an effort to start a local paper inside of the next three months.

THE TOILER'S FRIEND:—This is a new People's party paper just started at Elijay, Macon county. Mr. R. A. Henry is editor. In his salutatory he says:

"This week we send forth the initial number of our paper, greeting. We ask the citizens of Macon and other western counties to examine it, and if they think it worthy of their support, kindly subscribe for it.

We propose no great feats in the political arena, but do propose to furnish you a paper devoted to the interests of the People's party of this county.

As a party, we need a local paper for our own special use. Calls by our committees, the proceedings of our conventions, the announcements of our candidates, etc., should find a place in our own columns.

There may be those who differ with us politically. We shall not undertake to stifle free speech, but shall advocate our honest convictions, and if that should give offense, we have now written the apology.

The editor of this paper was not groomed in a city—did not even receive paternal care of a one-horse town. He was born and reared in the country, where men are want to chop, grub, plow, hoe, sow and reap. He is one of the "plain people," and you must not expect him to make any rhetorical flights, but simply to remain within the precincts of practical things."

While THE CAUCASIAN wants every voter in North Carolina to take and read the paper, yet it wants to urge you first to support your local papers. You need them. The work that THE CAUCASIAN is doing some other paper might do, but your local paper renders you a service that no other paper can. When you have a local paper support it. If you have not one, start one.

"Condemn Cleveland, but stay in the party and stand by the Chicago platform" is the cry of the Democratic machine organs in North Carolina. The Chicago platform indeed! When a man says he stands on that document it is time to ask "where is he at?" It is such a fraud, such a sham, such a "cowardly makeshift," that no two men can interpret it alike.

### A WORD TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

This is a golden opportunity for getting every voter to read. There has never been such an opening before and it will hardly ever come again. A peculiar combination of circumstances has caused this. Let us seize it and use it. Men may be disgusted with the old parties, but if you ever expect them to be worth anything in the reform fight, they must read. They must have the facts put before them. They must know why. A knowledge of the facts will make a reformer of any honest man. THE CAUCASIAN is working night and day to publish the facts. Then let every patriot stir himself to put THE CAUCASIAN into the hands of more voters. Every day we receive a number of clubs. Now let every one work like some are doing. Commence at once. If you will the cause will advance twice as fast.

The Charlotte Observer in a recent editorial threw out some taffy to the Editor of the Progressive Farmer. A few days later we find the following also in its editorial columns:

"The Hickory Mercury has rounded up its third year and says it begins the fourth with flattering prospects."

This sounds a little suspicious. The Progressive Farmer and Hickory Mercury should look well to their laurels. Or it may be that in this way the Observer is trying to atone for barely slandering all men who do not agree with it in politics by calling them "fools."

### A PATRIOTIC LAWYER.

Col. D. S. Troy, a life long Democrat, and one of the ablest and most prominent lawyers of Alabama, in an article in the Montgomery Journal, condemning the wholesale frauds practiced in that State in the last election says:

"Hereafter no certification of the result of an election other than that shown by the votes lawfully cast shall stand in Alabama. The exercise of such methods by the party in power merely to secure offices for certain men smacks of moral high treason in a free country. This is the sentiment of true Democrats throughout the State, and I hereby offer my services to prosecute, without compensation, any men of any party justly charged with any violation of the law in the August election in this county, and I am assured that leading lawyers in other counties will do the same. We must get back to honest elections."

What Democratic lawyer in North Carolina will follow his patriotic example?

Those who are advocating a State campaign, don't mean that they are opposed to Grover and his most subserviant congress, oh no! They simply mean that the "fools," the people are oppose to Grover and his "cuckoos" and their ways. therefore we must please the people. It means if we could hold office without pleasing and humoring the people we would not do this. We must have office and anything to get it, and then two you know Grover will understand it and laugh over it with us when we get to Washington again.

There is one thing the common people must understand and that is that their rights will never be respected until they assert them. There will never be a pure ballot until the common people set their heads to have it. So long as you let the ward heeler and town bully run over you he will do it and think he has a right to. If you will put a stop to it by asserting your right you will get them


War! on scrofula and every form of impure blood is boldly declared by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great conqueror of all blood diseases.


### THAT COLORADO MUDDLE.

The Governor of Colorado appoints the police, fire and public works commissioners of Denver. The idea several years ago was to have it this way to remove such matters from the corruption of politics. When Gov. Waite appointed new men for these places, the old officers refused to vacate. The Governor ordered out the militia to execute his order. The city officers resisted with force, and the trouble began. Federal troops were ordered to the scene to command the place. To restore quite, the Governor agreed to leave the settlement of the matter to the Supreme court, which body decides that the Governor had a right to remove the officers and appoint new ones, but condemns his hasty action in calling out troops to enforce the order.

We would like to know what other course the Governor could pursue when the old Republican officers refused to give up the public tit? The fact is that this resistance was made because Waite was a People's party Governor, to give the press dispatch monopoly a chance to misrepresent the whole matter. There is something else behind all this. The city officers would not have resisted, had not some power encouraged them to do so.

Buzzard's Bay, Hog Island and the Dismal Swamp are President Cleveland's pet places of resort. If there is anything in names take it at what it is worth.

### THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

Important Conference Between Ex-Governor Jarvis and Solicitor Woodard---Plans to Defeat Ransom.

Pitt Co., March 24th, 1894.

EDITOR THE CAUCASIAN:—

The Populists are working like beavers in this county under the leadership of Col. Harry Skinner, A. A. Forbes, and others, but perhaps the best quiet, practicable, effective work is being done by Clerk E. A. Moye. The meeting here on the 31st of March is looked forward to with considerable interest. The Democrats are bodily demoralized, and the Republicans stand waiting for something to turn up.

That close-mouthed gentleman, ex-Gov. Jarvis, in this county has had little to say on any public question, but what little he does let slip it is perfectly evident he is counting largely on the colored gentlemen's assistance this year in the election—whether by counting or voting, what is the difference?

Solicitor Woodard dropped in during court week here, purely accidental you know, but somehow it has leaked out that among other little conferences, he had one with Jarvis and a good long one, and somehow the substance of that conference was how to down Ransom for the Senate. Woodard is a pretty fair schemer, and he has a debt to pay Mr. Ranson of long standing, since 1885, when he would not appoint Davis to the post office at Wilson, hence a fallow feeling which makes Jarvis and Woodard wondrous kind to each other; and this is the plan with which to down Ransom:

Make war on Cleveland and the administration in this State; declare for free silver in State politics; pack all the county and State conventions with free silver Democrats. Nominate free silver Democrats for the Legislature, invite the Populists back under this free silver banner, capture the State again, and have the Legislature turn Ransom out for his anti-silver view and vote on the Sherman bill, turn Jarvis in because he has said nothing. In other words the same old trick as suggested by the conduct of Congressman Oates, of Alabama, who is a silverite in the State and an anti-silver man in Congress.

But no Populist will be fooled with these sugarcoated pills—these are the same old "wolves in sheep's clothing." LEON.

We see in the Baltimore Sun that among the list of graduates at the Baltimore University of medicine is Mr. Edward Banks of North Carolina.


CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

TRADE MARK. The Pastille Cure FOR WEAK MEN

Made so by too close application to business severe mental strain, Sexual Excesses in middle life, or vicious habits contracted in youth. WEAK MEN are victims to Nervous Debility or Exhaustion, Wasting Weakness, Involuntary Losses with Early Decay in Young and Middle Aged lack of vigor and strength, with sexual organs impaired and weakened prematurely in approaching old age. WHEN WE SAY CURE we speak from knowledge of results in many thousand cases treated and cured in the past fifteen years.

Our method of introducing Prof. HARRIS' SOLUBLE MEDICATED PASTILLE treatment is one which commends itself to all sensible persons—for the reason that we supply it upon their judgment of its value. Nothing in the way of expense beyond a postal card and a two cent postage stamp is asked. The postal card for use in sending us their full address and the postage stamp for the letter returning the statement of their case for which we supply them with question blank, to be filled out, and a self-addressed envelope for use in returning it when filled.

Free TRIAL When we receive the statement on blank we prepare eight days, treatment and forward it by mail prepaying postage. Along with the treatment we send full directions for using. The treatment causes no pain or inconvenience and does not prevent attention to business.

We leave the matter of sending orders entirely with those using the free trial treatment. Having satisfied those sending for trial packages of our ability to benefit them we feel that they are more largely interested than ourselves in continuing the use of the Pastilles. We make the prices as low as possible, and the same to all. They are as follows: $3.00 for one month; $5.00 for two months; $7.00 for three months.

We ask all persons needing treatment to send their address on postal or by letter. All communications confidential and should be addressed to THE HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mfg. Chemists 99 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK. ESTABD 1878. INCORPD 1890. CAPITAL $25,000


## A WEEK'S NEWS

GATHERED FROM EVERY QUARTER OF THE WORLD

And Briefly Told For the Readers of The Caucasian.

**Senator Colquitt Dead.**

Senator Colquitt, of Georgia has had another stroke of paralysis. For two years he has been rolled in an invalid's chair.

Later—Senator Colquitt died in Washington, D. C., on Monday morning at 7:10. He was born April 20th, 1824, and was hence nearly 70 years old. The funeral was conducted by the Chaplain of the Senate Wednesday, and the body has been taken to Macon, Ga., for interment.

**The College Association.**

The third annual meeting of the College Association of North Carolina was in session in Durham last Friday. Rev. Dr. J. B. Shearer, president of Davidson College and chairman of the meeting, delivered the annual address, which was heartily approved. Among those present are Dr. George T. Winston, president of the University of North Carolina; Dr. Charles D. McIver, of the State Normal School; Dr. John F. Crowel, of Trinity College; Professor J. B. Carlyle, of Wake-Forest; L. L. Hobbs, of Guilford College; F. L. Reid, president of Greensboro' Gemale College, A. Q. Holliday of the A. & M. College. Besides many members of the faculties of colleges in this State.

**Oxford Asylum.**

Mr. N. L. Lawrence has been elected Superintendent of the oxford Orphand Asylum to succed Dr. Block resigned.

Prof. Woodard Wilson, the noted author on government lectured last Friday at Trinity College on pure Democracy. We suppose he preached the doctrine of the People's party. It was necessarily a Peoples party lecture if he stuck to his text.

The greatest flood in the history of Arkansas was reported last week. Railway communications were almost entirely cut off in the Southern central part of the State. The volume of water was compared to an inland ocean.

A four story school building near Chicago valued at 50,000 was burned on the 21st., Six pannic stricken pupils jumped from windows of the third and fourth story, receiving severe but not fatal injuries.

An explosion at the dynamite works of the Acrue Powder Company, near Pittsburg, Pa. on the 23nd, resulted in the instant death of three men and two women.

A set of swindlers victimized a number of St. Louis Banks last week. The losses aggregate $20,000.

A young Raliegh lawyer (name not given) has gone west with a woman of bad repute.

There was a $300,000 fire at money Point, near Norfolk, Va., on the 23nd.


PECULIAR TO ITSELF.

So eminently successful has Hood's Sarsaparilla been that many leading citizens from all over the United States furnish testimonials of cures which seem almost miraculous Hood's Sarsaparilla is not an accident, but the ripe fruit of industry and study. It possesses merit "peculiar to itself."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Nausea, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Sold by all druggists.


The Wilmington Star on last Sunday completed its 53rd semi-annual volume. It celebrated the event by enlarging the Sunday issue to eight-column size. The record of the Star is a very unusual one.

The record of Cleveland's administration will relieve the administration of Harrison of the odium of being the worst in history.—Senator Stewart.


Best in the World

The Judgement on Hood's Pronounced by Squire Fogg.

The following testimonial comes from T. M. Fogg, Esq., who is well-known throughout Kentucky as court justice and justice of the peace for Bath county. His words should invoke the confidence of all who read his letter:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I will say for Hood's Sarsaparilla I believe it to be the best medicine in the world. In the winter of '92 I had a bad case of the grip which left my system in very bad shape. I tried everything I could find and got no relief. In the fall of the same year I bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first dose I took

Made a Decided Change

for the better. When I began taking the first bottle my weight was 127 pounds, the lightest since manhood. By the time the second bottle

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

had been used my weight was 165 pounds. I owe all this to Hood's Sarsaparilla and I gladly recommend it to all sufferers." T. M. FOGG, Justice of the Peace, Sharpsburg, Kentucky.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.



COLUMBIAN ALBUM

COUPON

PART 2.

Cut out this Coupon and send or bring it, together with ten cents, to the office of THE CAUCASIAN, Goldsboro, N. C., and you will receive Part I.

WHAT AN ADVERTISER SAYS.

A One Inch Advertisement in The Caucasian Bringing Excellent Results.

RIDOTT, ILL., March 14, 1894.

THE CAUCASIAN Goldsboro, N. C.

Gentlemen—I am running a one inch ad. in your paper and am getting excellent results. I send you one of my catalogues by mail to-day.

Yours truly,
ALBERT ASKEY.


Dr. Gee of Wilson died last Sunday.

A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy sensation that existed in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable 'gone' feeling in my stomach. Physicians said I was creeping paralysis, from which, according to their universal conclusion, there is no relief. Once it fastens upon a person, they say, it continues its insidious progress until it reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been doctoring a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement of Dr Miles' Restorative Nervine, procured a bottle and began using it. Marvelous as it may seem, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has not been even the slightest indication of its return. I now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I had run down from 170 to 147. Four others have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine on my recommendation, and it has been as satisfactory in their cases as in mine."—James Kane, La Rue, O.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

Sold by All Druggists. aug.'10-2p



First Little Girl—Oh, I've got the lovelies doll you ever saw, and so happy with it I don't know what to do.

Second Little Girl—Isn't big?

First Little Girl—Big! It's most as big as my heart to carry it. [Good News

DELEON, TEXAS, July 23, 1[illegible]

MESSRS. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Georgia.

GENTS—I've used nearly [illegible] bottles of P. P. P. I was afflicted with the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. Your P. P. P. has cured me of difficulty of breathing and smothering, palpitation of the heart, and relieved me of all pain; one bottle was closed for ten years, now I breathe through it readily.

I have not slept on either side for two years, in fact, dreaded the night come, now I sleep soundly in any position all night.

I am 59 years old, but expect to be able to take hold of the plow handles; I feel proud I was induced enough to get P. P. P., and I heartily recommend it to my friends and the public generally.

Yours respectfully,
A. M. RAMSEY.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Comanche.

Before the undersigned authority on this day, personally appeared A. M. Ramsey, who after being duly sworn, says on oath that the foregoing statement made by him relative to the virtue of P. P. P. medicine is true. A. M. RAMREY,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this, August 4th, 1891.

J. M. LAMBERT, N. P.
Comanche Co., Texas.

JOHN J. KELLY
General Commission Merchant
AND SHIPPERS OF NEW RIVER OYSTERS
Farmers Products A Specialty.
121 DOCK ST., WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 15—3mos.

1768. 1894
OLD NICK
The Nick Williams Double Rectified
WHISKEY
IS
BOOMING
AND HAS BEEN MADE
FOR 126 YEARS
ON SAME PLANTATION.
RYE OR CORN.
Goods Over Four Years Old on Hand.
Write for price-list, as we ship in any quantity. Address
OLD NICK WHISKEY CO.,
Or Lock Box 26,
Yadkin Co. WILLIAMS, N. C.

FOR
PROFIT AND PROTECTION
A VAST ARMY OF MEN
Bonded together
FOR MUTUAL ASSISTANCE and BENEFIT

In the Company selected by the National Ex. Com. in 1893 as THE Company above all others: The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. How unwise for a man to work and wait ten or twenty years to accumulate

A FORTUNE OF $5,000 OR $10,000

when by this means for a sum far less than he would pay for taxes on that much property, he

Can secure a Fund Immediately

in the event of his death, or in ten or twenty years, together with large profits, if he lives. The representatives of the Company are going to see YOU soon.

GET READY TO LAY THE FOUNDATION

for a solid fortune for your loved ones, and yourself too, IF YOU LIVE TO OLD AGE.

After the National Officers have deemed this matter of sufficient importance to investigate all the leading Companies and selected this as the VERY BEST, it will certainly pay you well to

LOOK INTO ITS MERITS

Patronize the one institution that is founded on lines similar to those of the ALLIANCE, and recommended to the Alliance.

IMPORTANT!

When farm products are low and money scarce, you can't afford to take chances on Fertilizer.

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET ONLY THE BEST. THE BEST, IN THE END IS ALWAYS CHEAPEST.

The N. C. Alliance Fertilizers Are the Best.

For four years nothing has equaled them in field results.

THEY ARE USED BY MORE GOOD FARMERS THAN ANY FERTILIZERS SOLD IN THE STATE. WE GUARANTEE THE STANDARD FULLY MAINTAINED.

We will try to keep them in store at prominent Rail Road points.

If there are none at your depot, get your sub-agent to order them direct from the Durham Fertilizer Company, Durham, N. C., or Mr. W. H. Worth, S. B. A., Raleigh, N. C.

Feb. 1—3ms.

# THE CAUCASIAN.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., MAR. 29, '94.


## WAYNE COUNTY.

LOOK AT THE LABEL.

On your paper. Do not look for the "blue cross" any more. We have put our list in mailing type. Your name is on a printed label with the date when your subscription expires. Be sure to send your renewal (if you want the paper another year) at least a week before your subscription expires.

INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

H. Weil & Bros.—Spring and Summer Goods.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Bizzell Bros. & Co.—Groceries.

Miller's Drug Store.—Paris Green.

B. Cohen & Co.—Racket Store.

☞We wish to request our readers when writing to any of the above companies to say that you saw the advertisement in THE CAUCASIAN.

The infant child of Mr. Jno. W. Bryan, of this city, died Thursday. Interred in Willowdale Cemetery.

On Sunday night, Mr. John O. Royal's family was increased—a boy. It will now be Grandpapa "Dock" Holland.

The cold snap of Monday caused much destruction to the early truck, and the farmers will suffer serious loss in money thereby.

But one marriage license was issued by the Registrar of Deeds during the past week, viz: Zeno Moses to Miss Mandy Grady.

The State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. L. A. Coulter, delivered a brief talk on "The Monster Sin" in the Y. M. C. A. rooms Sunday, to a large audience of men.

Mr. B. Cohen, of the popular "Racket" Store, E. Centre St., will remove from his present place of business into the large and spacious store formerly occupied by C. Kerns & Co.

The 18th Annual Convention of the Y. M. C. A. of North Carolina will convene in Wilmington April 5th. A large attendance is expected and Goldsboro will be well represented.

Mr. Asher Edwards returned Saturday evening from his trip North, having secured some great bargains for his patrons. New goods are already arriving and being displayed at his large and commodious stores.

The Purvin entertainment and supper, under the auspices of the Ladies Auxiliary Society of Oheb Shalem, Thursday night, was liberally patronized and highly enjoyed. The net proceeds were for the benefit of the Atlanta Hebrew Orphanage.

On Wednesday night, this week, the Goldsboro Rifles (Co. "D," 1st Regiment) will hold a competitive drill and reception in honor of the Confederate Veterans, it also being the 18th anniversary of the Rifles re-organization.

The body of Mr. Will Royal, (whose sad death by drowning was chronicled in last week's CAUCASIAN) was found Saturday floating in the Trent river, six miles above the place of the accident. The remains were interred Sunday at New Berne.

Mr. Jas. Powell, who drives the mail between Goldsboro and Seven Springs, had a runaway Saturday near the postoffice in this city, throwing him from his buggy, and sustaining enough injury to lay him up for several days. The buggy was smashed but the horse escaped with a slight shock.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York celebrated the Fiftieth Year of its existence in 1893, and the event will be memorable as being one of the most successful in a business point of view that the Company has ever experienced.

The annual report for 1893, which we published in THE CAUCASIAN March 8th, showed the extension of the benefits conferred upon those fortunate enough to hold its policies. It is one of the strongest life insurance companies in existance. See advertisement in this issue.

NEW GOLDSBORO ADVERTISERS.

See the new spring advertisement of Messrs. H. Weil & Bros. This large and enterprising firm has just received their new spring goods. Read their advertisement and then go to see them.

Messrs. Bizzell Bros. & Co. have something special to say to you this week. Read their advertisement. They call your special attention to flour and sugar.

THE WEATHER.

This very ancient subject has been acting in such a manner and causing the thermometer to perform athletic feats of such a nature for the past ten days, that a newspaper can be pardoned in taking notice of it. Last week humanity and vegetation were picked up bodily and thrown without any warning into the middle of next summer. This week, with equal unceremoniousness we are thrown back into the bottom of last winter. The damage to truck and all vegetation is very heavy.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Reading notices will be inserted in this column for 10 cents per line for each insertion.

DR. D. S. HARMON.

Dr. Harmon, the Russian Opthalmic physician, has opened an office at the Hotel Kennon in Goldsboro, N. C. Those who have any trouble with their eyes which can be remedied by having the proper glasses adjusted should consult him.

I am prepared to handle eggs, poultry, &c. Eggs can be shipped in crates, boxes or barrels, crates best and will be returned from here.

W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.,
Raleigh, N. C.

EGGS! EGGS!

From genuine Light Brahmas and Barred Plymouth Rocks, very best strains; large, finely marked fowls. Price L. Brahmas $2.00 per 13. B. P. Rocks $1.50 per 13. Less for two or more settings. Also several pairs last season's fowls. Brahmas $2.00 per pair; $2.75 per trio.

CULLEN G. BATTLE,
Whitaker's, N. C.

A good milch cow for sale. Address B., care CAUCASIAN office.

## PEOPLE'S PARTY.

Halifax County.

TO THE PEOPLE'S PARTY OF HALIFAX COUNTY:

You are requested to meet in the town of Halifax on April 7th, 1894, for the purpose of perfecting a plan of organization and otherwise deliberating in the interest of the people.

The voters of Halifax county, regardless of past party affiliation, are invited to deliberate with and assist in devising plans to overthrow the present reign of plutocracy, and inaugurating measures in the interest of, and for the welfare of the people. Prominent speakers invited.

W. M. MARLIN, Sec'y.
W. E. BOWERS, Ch'm'n.

Gates Getting in Line.

The convention of the People's party, held in Gatesville, on the 17th., was in every way a grand success; and, if we are to judge from the number and personnel of the croud present on the occasion, the People's party will be a powerful factor in the next political campaign; and, except a great revolution between now and then, it will carry the county.

TEXAS.

The People's party clubs of Texas have an actual membership of 220,000 voters—an increase of more than 100,000 since the election of 1892.

NORTH CAROLINA.

In every section of the State clubs are being formed. THE CAUCASIAN'S mail every day brings notice of from one to a dozen clubs. There should be over 100,000 voters enrolled before the campaign opens.

Populist Candidate for Governor in Maine.

Augusta, Me., March 22 — L. C. Bateman, of Searsmont, has been nominated for Governor by the People party.

ATKINSON---PHILLIPS.

[Special Cor. The Caucasian.]

Swepsonville, N. C.

Sunday, March 18th, at the residence of the bride's mother in Swepsonville, Alamance county, N. C., by Rev. M. J. Hunt of Burlington, N. C., John D. Atkinson to Miss Cora A. Phillips.

For the past few months the groom has been in the employ of the Falls of Neuse Mfg Co., and expects to remain with that Co. and make Swepsonville his future home. Mr. Atkinson came here from Goldsboro.

GOLDSBORO DOCTORS.

The Round Table after commenting upon the election of Dr. Geo. L. Kirby to the position of Superintendent of the N. C. Insane Asylum at Raleigh, says:

"We are proud of the medical profession of Goldsboro, and this is evidently a good town for a physician to hail from. One of Dr. Kirby's assistants at Raleigh will be Dr. W. H. Cobb, Jr., (Goldsboro Graded School, class of 1885). Dr. J. F. Miller, as Superintendent of the Insane Asylum at Goldsboro, has made this institution a pattern for the State. He has recently entered upon a second administration of six years. And the legal head of the profession in North Carolina is the President of the State Medical Society, who is Dr. W. H. H. Cobb, of Goldsboro."

PINKNEY ITEMS.

Pinkney, N, C., March 26, '94.

At the residence of the bride's parents last Wednesday, Mr. John T. Edgerton was married to Miss Minnie M. Hooks, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hooks. They left in the afternoon for Kenly, the home of the groom, where he is doing a thriving mercantile business.

Mrs. W. H. Edgerton returned home last week from near Hookerton, where she has been visiting her daughter.

Mr. Joseph Edgerton is visiting his daughter, Miss Daisy, who is attending school in Sampson county

Those who ordered part I of the "Columbian Album" last week are delighted with it. The Album is not only an exquisite piece of art, but illustrates and describes the greatest exposition the world has ever seen.

## THE $25.00 PREMIUM

WHICH THE CAUCASIAN OFFERED IS BEING COMPETED FOR.

Two More Letters---The Caucasian has Struck the Key Note.

No. 39.

Villanow, N. C., Jan. 31, '94.

MR EDITOR:—It may not be amiss to give you my plan for securing a fair election next fall. It is evident that if left to the machinery of the dominant party that just wants a "chance" there will be nothing like a fair election, and while in the majority of cases a show of honest dealing might be made, still we would be cheated at enough polling places to insure our defeat. We know this by sad experience.

Here is my plan: Let the People's Party Ex. Com. in every county select from the People's party in every township or city ward, half a dozen of the most discreet, reliable, stalwart determined men as committee—a vigilance committee with instructions to be at the polls when opened, having previously selected one of their number as leader or spokesman. Let the regular poll holders be informed that they are present to see a fair election and a fair count, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary. Let this committee remain at the polls until the vote is counted and inspect every ballot as it is called. At the final canvass in the county let all these committees present themselves to witness the count and see that no fraud is committed. In this way, Mr. Editor, two grand purposes would be served. In the first place the poll holder who would cheat at the polls or steal your vote is too much of a coward to undertake a job of this kind when he is being watched. An honest man does not mind being watched. In the second place if cheating is practiced we would have good witnesses to the transaction. V. N. SEAWELL.

No. 40.

Salisbury, N. C., March 19, '94.

HON. MARION BUTLER, Goldsboro, N. C.

MY DEAR SIR:—I see your offer of $25.00 for the most effective way to prevent fraud in elections.

First—Organize county by electing efficient executive committees.

Second—Organize townships by electing efficient executive committees.

Third—Then let county and township appoint not less than five and as many more assistants as the wants of the case may require to assist the county and township committees. Assign each his work respectively to see every voter and take his name down correctly and lawfully. Then call on Registrar in due time on a day to be set by the county executive committee and see that all names are correctly registered and on election day all be on the ground before the polls are opened, see the box cleaned and see that all vote and allow no cheating and each township committee appoint two or three of the most efficient men to keep tally in counting out votes and be present at court house and see that a proper return be made and recorded on return day. Respectfully,

J. A. Fisher.

COUNTY MEETINGS AND SPEAKERS.

Dr. Cyrus Thompson, State Lecturer, will be at

Duplin county Alliance, April 12.
Wilson county Alliance, April 13.
Tarboro, Edgecombe county, April 14.
Old Sparta, Edgecombe county, April 16.
Bear Grass Sub-Alliance, Martin county, April 17.
Washington county Alliance, April 18.
Tyrrell county Alliance, April 19.
Manteo, Dare county, April 21.
Swan Quarter, Hyde county, April 24.
Near Washington, Beaufort county, April 26.
Trent Sub-Alliance, Pamlico county, April 27.

Speaking to commence at 11 a. m.

Maj. W. A. Graham, Trustee of the Business Agency fund, will be at
Liberty, Randolph county, April 12.
Greensboro, Guilford county, April 13.
Davie county Alliance, April 16.
Forsyth county Alliance, April 14.
J. J. Long, Brunswick county Alliance, April 12.
W. S. Barnes, Nash county Alliance, April 13.

Speaking to commence at 11 a. m.

The meetings of other County Alliances will be on the regular days, second Thursday, except Wake, which will meet on Friday and Saturday after the second Thursday. The Executive Committee thought it best on account of the times to send speakers only where requested. If speakers are wanted specially afterwards, arrangements can be made.

W. S. BARNES,
Sec'y Treas. N. C. F. S. A.

Tribute of Respect to the Hungarian Patriot.

Congress recognises the friendship of Kossuth, for America by passing the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the House of Representatives of the United States has heard with profound regret of the death of Louis Kossuth, the eminent Hungarian patriot, once the guest of the American people.

"Resolved, That the Speaker of the House be requested to communicate the respectful sympathy of the House to the family of the deceased."

## ALLIANCE DEPARTMENT.

O'er every land, in every age
Some curse of creed or human ban
Has controvened the rights of man,
E'en now some subtle power
Enthrones the wrong, exalts the knave,
While idlers reign and toilers slave.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

President—Marion Butler, Goldsboro, N. C.
Vice President—J. L. Gilbert, Reedly, California.
Secretary-Treasurer—Col. D. P. Duncan, Columbia, S. C.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Marion Butler Chairman Ex-Officio, Goldsboro, N. C.; H. L. Loucks, Huron, South Dakota; Mann Page, Brandon, Virginia; I. E. Dean, Honeoye Falls, New York; H. C. Demming, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

NORTH CAROLINA FARMERS' STATE ALLIANCE.

President—J. M. Mewborne, Kinston, N. C.
Vice-President—J. S. Bridges, Catawba, N. C.
Secretary-Treasurer—W. S. Barnes, Raleigh, N. C.
Lecturer—Cyrus Thompson, Richlands, N. C.
Assistant Lecturer—J. T. B. Hoover, Elm City, N. C.
Door keeper—Geo. T. Lane, Greensboro, N. C.
Assistant Door keeper—H. E. King, Peanut, N. C.
Seargeant at Arms—J. R. Hancock, Greensboro, N. C.
State Business Agent—W. H. Worth, Raleigh, N. C.
Trustee Business Agency Fund—W. A. Graham, Machpelah, N. C.

EXECUTIVE COMMITEEE OF THE N. C. FARMERS' STATE ALLIANCE.

Marion Butler, Goldsboro, N. C.; J. J. Long, Eoka, N. C.; A. F. Heilman, Concord, N. C.

STATE ALLIANCE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE

N. M. Culbreth, Whiteville, N. C.; John Graham, Ridgeway, N. C.; John Brady, Gatesville, N. C.

The Alliance Demands.

The following is the language of the demands adopted at Topeka, Kan., Feb. 6th, 1894:

FINANCE.

We demand a national currency, safe, sound and flexible, issued by the General Government only, a full legal tender for all debts, public or private and that without the use of banking corporations; a just, equitable and efficient means of distribution direct to the people at a tax not to exceed two per cent. to be provided as set forth in our sub-treasury plan, or some better system; also by payments in the discharge of its obligations for public improvement.

(a) We demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the legal ratio of 16 to 1.

(b) We demand that the amount of circulating medium be speedily increased to at least $50 per capita, exclusive of legal reserves.

(c) We demand a graduated income tax.

(d) That our national legislation shall be so framed in the future as not to build up one industry at the expense of another.

(e) We believe that the money of the country should be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people, and hence we demand that all national and state revenue shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the government economically and honestly administered.

(f) We demand that postal savings banks be established by the government for the safe deposit of the earnings of the people and to facilitate exchanges.

ABOUT LAND.

The land, including all natural resources of wealth, is the heritage of the people and should not be monopolized for speculative purposes, and alien ownership of land should be prohibited. All lands now held by railroads and other corporations in excess of their actual needs, and lands now owned by aliens, should be reclaimed by the government and held for actual settlers only.

THE TRANSPORTATION CLAUSE.

Transportation being the means of exchange and a public necessity, the government should own and operate railroads in the interest of the people.

The telegraph and telephone, like the post-office system, being a necessity for the transmission of intelligence, should be owned and operated by the government in the interest of the people

Alliance Address In Edgecombe.

Dr. Cyrus Thompson, Lecture State Alliance, will address the public in Tarboro on April 14th, and at Old sparta April 16th.

JAMES B. LLOYD,
Sec'y Edgecombe Co. Alliance.

35 New Alliances in Pennsylvania.

Bro. T. St. Clair Thompson the State Lecture for Pennsylvania writes THE CAUCASIAN that 35 new Alliances have been organized in that State since Nov. 1st, '93. This is good for Pennsylvania. The Alliance is taking on new life everwhere. Each of the members of the Alliance and the people generally see more and more that it will not do to trust to any political party alone. The Alliance is the greatest force in existance to reastablish and preserve good government.

Forsyth County.

The regular quarterly session of Forsyth County Farmer's Alliance will be held with Old Richmond sub-Alliance No 15 24, on Friday and Saturday April 13th, and 14th. On Saturday the 14th, Bro. W. A. Graham, will be present and address the public to which everybody is cordially invited.

E. A. CONROL,
Sec'y. F. C. F. A.

March, 16th, 1894.

New Alliances in Davie.

Rev. Geo E. Hunt, one of the special Alliance organizers reports that he has just organized two new Alliances in Davie County.


RACKET STORE.

B. COHEN & CO., PROPS.

The cheapest place in Goldsboro to buy Dry Goods. Clothing, Notions, Tinware, Glassware, Toys, Window Shades, Curtains and Curtain Poles Shoes for Men, Ladies and Children

MILLINERY A SPECIALTY.

Everything will be sold at the very lowest prices, and

EVERYTHING NEW AND LATEST STYLES.

*COME AND SEE US AT*

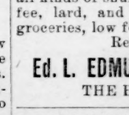
RACKET STORE,

(C. Kerns & Co. Old Stand, E. Centre Street)

GOLDSBORO, - - - - - N. C.

PRETTIEST BOOK EVER PRINTED. FREE

SEED Cheap as dirt by oz. 10c. lb. 75c. One Cent a pkg. Up. If rare 10c. Cheap, pure, best. 1,000,000 extras. Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue free. H. H. SHUMWAY, Rockford, Ill.



$80 A MONTH and expenses paid any active persons to sell goods. $40 a month to distribute circulars, salary paid monthly. Samples of our goods and contract free. Send 10 cts. for postage, packing etc. We MEAN BUSINESS. UNION SUPPLY CO., Cincinnati, O.

COL. L. L. POLK'S BIRTHDAY.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE STATE ALLIANCE AND THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE CALL UPON EVERY SUB-ALLIANCE TO OBSERVE THE DAY.

To the Sub-Alliances of North Carolina:

The State Alliance of North Carolina in session at Greensboro in August, 1893, passed the following resolution:

"Whereas, The Polk Memorial Association has so far fell short of success in their noble purpose; and whereas we believe that our Alliance brethren are willing and anxious to aid them in their efforts; therefore be it

Resolved, By the North Carolina Farmers' State Alliance, That April 28, 1894, it being the birthday of Col. L. L. Polk, be set apart as Polk Memorial day, and that each Sub-Alliance in the State be requested to meet on that day for the purpose of raising and collecting funds for this purpose. Exercises to be conducted in such a manner as shall suit the pleasure and convenience of each Alliance.

Resolved further, That after the success of this object is assured, the Supreme Council of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union be petitioned to meet in annual session in the city of Raleigh and take part either in laying the corner-stone of said monument or unveiling the same."

The delegates of the N. C. Alliance at the annual session of the Supreme Council at Topeka, Kansas, February, 1894, report that the above resolution was laid before that body and by vote it resolved to hold the next Supreme Council in the city of Raleigh so as to be present at the unveiling of said monument, provided it could be completed for unveiling at that time.

Therefore, we, the undersigned, your State President and Executive Committee, call upon every Sub-Alliance in the State to hold a meeting on Col. Polk's birthday, as requested in above resolution for the purpose therein set forth.

Every allianceman in America should not only feel it a duty but consider it a special privilege and pleasure to contribute to the building of this monument as a tangible evidence of our esteem and love for our late National President, and besides, every Allianceman in North Carolina should put forth a special effort to assist in building this monument within the time stated, in order that we may be honored by the meeting of the Supreme Council of the Alliance at the Capital of our State.

We suggest that after raising as large a cash contribution as you can for this purpose at said meeting, that you call upon each brother present to state how much he will pledge to pay himself or to raise by solicitation by Nov. 1st, 1894.

J. M. MEWBOURNE, Pres.
MARION BUTLER, }
J. J. LONG, } *Executive Committee*
A. F. HILEMAN, }

Raleigh, N. C. March 9, '94.

The COOK'S PUZZLE

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which makes light, crisp, healthful, wholesome pastry. Mrs. McBride, Marion Harland, and other expert Cooking authorities endorse COTTOLENE. YOU can't afford to do without COTTOLENE.

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Jan. 4-1y.] Goldsboro, N. C.

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L. D. CIDDENS

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Having taken my brother, Frank B. Edmundson in as a partner, I still solicit the large patronage I have heretofore received from the generous public, and

WE PROMISE

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Spring and Summer 1894.

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And I will make it to your interest to trade with me. Give me a call and see if I can not do a little better for you than you have been doing elsewhere. Respectfully,

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BY CAPT. CHAS. R. KING.

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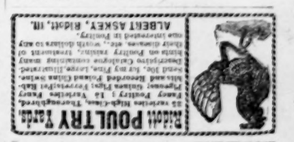


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# CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## Young Folks' Post Office.

Mt. Olive, N. C., Feb. 27, '94.

Mr. Editor:—I enjoy reading your paper very much especially the little people's department. I am glad that you are interested with the young folks enough to give us a column.

I will answer a question for Floyd Taylor: The word "Reverend" occurs in the Bible only once which is in the 9th verse, 111th Psalm.

I would like to ask one: What did Luther say when the Devil told him he was no Christian?

Annie Hood.

---

Hickory, N. C., March 11, '94.

Mr. Editor:—I am a little boy 13 years old. I have never seen a letter from this county. I thought I would write one. The answer to Jennie Byrd's question is Elijah was taken to Heaven without dying. The answer to Bessie Pope's question is Ananias and Saphira were struck dead for lying.

Your little friend,
Otto Whitener.

---

Hickory, N. C., March 4, '94.

Mr. Editor:—As I have not seen any letter from Hickory I will write one. I am a boy 13 years old.

I will answer some questions asked: The Children of Israel were in the wilderness 40 years. The Ark rested on Mt. Ararat. California is noted for its fruit. The prophet that called down fire on two captains of fifty with their fifties and consumed them was Elijah.

I will ask a question: Who was it that snatched a velvet cloak from his shoulders and threw it in the mud for the Queen of England to step on? I will close,

Yours truly,
H. L. Killian.

---

Taylorsville, N. C., Feb. 28, '94.

Mr. Editor:—As I haven't seen any letter from Taylorsville I will write one. I am going to school every day and I like to go very much. We have a very large school, there being 150 enrolled. Papa takes your paper and we like it very much. I take a great interest in your stories and the children's column. I like to read the letters that the children write. I am a member of the Farmers' Alliance. The Alliance is increasing in number. There were two initiated at the last meeting and there will be two more at the next meeting. From your friend,

Maggie A. Warren.

---

Bentonville, N. C., March 8, '94.

Mr. Editor:—As I have written once and escaped the waste basket I will write again and let the children know I am interested in our "Corner." I like to read THE CAUCASIAN and especially do I enjoy the "Young Folks' Corner." Indeed, I enjoy them more and more each week. The questions, I am sure, have caused many to "study and think" a great deal; thereby enlightening our minds.

I will ask a few questions, hoping some of the little cousins will answer them.

For what is N. C. noted? What kind of dwelling do the Bushmen live in? For what is Borneo noted?

Where do people live in huts made of bark and branches of trees?

I think Mr. Robert W. Player's teacher's name is Mr. Henderson Cole. The Japanese mostly build their houses of wood. California is noted for its remarkable scenery; the Yosemite Valley and the largest and loftiest trees in the world.

Success to THE CAUCASIAN.

Very respectfully,
Edith F. Williams.

---

Holloway, N. C., March, 4, '94.

Mr. Editor:—I see so many letters from the little folks that I thought I would write one. Papa likes your paper and mother likes it too, and when the paper comes and papa has read it we children try and see which one can get it first. Of course we all believe in the People's party. I am nearly 12 years old and will close my letter by saying, hurrah for THE CAUCASIAN and the People's party.

Travace M. Tuck.

---

ANSWERS

The Ark rested on Mt. Ararat after the flood.

California is noted for its gold mines and quicksilver.

Rufus Dixon.

Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death." He was born in Virginia.

The 13th and 14th chapters are the middle chapters of the New Testament.

Captain Kidd was a notorious pirate and it is supposed that he buried a large amount of gold somewhere on the shores of Long Island.

Seine Rentford.

Noah was one hundred years one month and ten days in building the Ark. See Genesis 5th chapter, 32d verse and 6th chapter 13th, 14th and 22nd verses, also 7th chapter, 1st, 4th and 11th verses, and calculate.

There are two points of extreme cold in the Arctic Ocean; one north of central North America, and the other north of central Asia. Of course there must be one or more in the unexplored Antarctic. So we cannot tell "the coldest spot on the face of the earth."

Christ was crucified on Friday.

Enoch and Elijah were taken to Heaven without dying.

The Ark rested on Mt. Ararat.

The word "girl" occurs twice in the Bible.

Stephen was the first Christian martyr.

Demetrius made silver shrines for Diana.

Sir Walter Raleigh was the first Englishman who used tobacco.

Pocahontas, while on a visit to England, was titled "The Lady Rebecca."

California is noted for wool.

In the year of our Lord, 1894, is in the year of the world, 5898.

I have heard that a certain Mr. Cobb said: "Mr. Speaker, where am I at?" Nellie Rayner.

Sampson county was named for Col. John Sampson.

North and South Carolina were separated into different States in the year 1664. Sarah Edgerton.

---

QUESTIONS.

Out of what kind of wood did Noah build the Ark?

How many sons did Israel have?

L. M. Simmons.

How many stories high was Noah's Ark?

Who was it that commanded the sun to stand still?

"A Country Girl."

For what is Vermont noted?

Rufus Dixon.

Why was Miriam stricken with leprosy and how was she cured?

How many children was Sarah the mother of?

How many children did Keturah have? Dora P. Cogdell.

What answer did Gen. Taylor send back to Santa Anna when he sent him word it was best for him to surrender?

Who was Mollie Pitcher? And in what battle did she show great bravery?

What famous message did Perry send to Harrison?

L. Lee.

How many letters are there in the New Testament?

Who was it that was called the "Swamp Fox?"

What did a single pair of boots sell for at the close of Lincoln's administration? Senie Rentford.

Where is the Altar first mentioned in the Bible?

Where was the first sin committed?

Who first discovered the source of the Nile River?

Where was the first life saving station? J. R. Haynes, Jr.

How many days and nights was Moses on Mt. Sinai?

Maggie Lewis.

When was Mississippi admitted as a State?

What was the last colony of America? Will Barefoot.

What chapter in the Bible teaches that the heathen is lost?

What was said of the re-election of Governor Vance in 1864?

F. W. Bridges.

What was the name of the first English child born in America?

Johnnie Steban.

Who was called "Old Rough and Ready?"

Where is the greatest coffee market in the world? David Young.

What counties where named for Indian tribes?

For whom was Montgomery named? For whom was Randolph named and in what year? C.

---

TO BROIL STEAK.—Steak for broiling should not be thin or it will be dry and hard; at the market, ask them to cut your steak three-fourths of an inch thick, cut off the suet, grease the broiler and have it hot, lay the steak on the broiler on a bed of hot coals, turn the broiler often; when done remove to a hot platter, sprinkle with salt and spread butter over it; serve immediately.

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## Jonathan and His Continent.

By MAX O'RELL (Author of "John Bull and His Island," "John Bull, Jr.," Etc.) and JACK ALLYN.

Translated by Mme. Paul Blouet. Copyrighted by Cassell & Co. New York, and published by special arrangement through the American Press Association.

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) is a remarkably clever Frenchman, who has devoted his talents mostly to satirizing the Anglo-Saxon race. The book from which the following extracts are made is his latest production, and material for it was gathered during his recent visit to America.

### XXXVI—AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

**Ill Ventilated Cars, Ill Mannered "Railway Servants," Rude Passengers, the Newsboys and the Negro Car—All Are Discussed.**

The Americans have suppressed distances by bringing railway trains to perfection.

In point of comfort the American trains are to the French and English trains what these latter are to the stage coach of bygone days.

Nothing can surpass the comfort and luxury of the vestibule train. It is a hotel on wheels. It is your apartment in which you whirl from New York to Chicago in twenty-four hours. Cook, barber, valets de chambre, you have all at hand. Yes, a barber! There is a barber's shop at the end of the train. They will soon add a billiard room.

Let anything unforeseen occur—a snow storm, for instance—delaying the train for hours, and you at once recognize the superiority of American trains over American ones. The trains are warmed from October to April. The temperature is generally hovering about the eighties. There are windows and ventilators, but if you open your window, you will see your fellow travelers turn up their coat collars and get down their shawls and furs, and you will hear energetic grumblings, which will give you to understand that you are turning yourself into a public calamity. The Americans are shivery people.

As to the ventilators, they are under the management of the car conductor, and if that gentleman is not too warm, you may gasp and faint before getting any relief from him.

Even in the morning, after twenty or thirty people have passed the night in the car, it is quite difficult to get the ventilators opened a few minutes to change the air.

Here, as well as in the hotels and in all conditions of American life, you are at the mercy of servants.

The car conductors are generally impolite, even rude. Do not ask them questions, above all not those questions which travelers are wont to ask: "Shall we soon be at ——?" "Is the train late?" "What is the next station?" etc. In America you are supposed to know everything, and no one will help you unless you should happen to address yourself to well bred people.

You go to a railway ticket office to book for a certain place. Perhaps there are several lines of railway running to your destination. The clerk says, without looking at you, and at the rate of a thousand words a minute.

"What line? B. and O., or S. F. and W. R. R., or S. T. L. and C.?"

Do not believe he will translate his A B C D's into English. It is your place to understand them.

I was having a siesta one day in one of the comfortable arm chairs of a drawing room car when the conductor came along and, giving me a formidable thump, cried out in the most savage tone:

"Your ticket!"

I made haste to oblige him and to offer apologies.

"I trust I have not kept you waiting," said I.

You see, in America, you must be polite to every one, or you would constantly be running the risk of treating with disrespect a future president.

The negro who makes your bed is more polite, but his politeness is not disinterested. A few moments before the arrival of the train at your destination he brushes you down and receives the invariable twenty-five cents for his trouble. These negroes, independently of the salary paid them by the company they work for, make sometimes from $10 to $12 a day in this way, say from $2,500 to $3,000 a year.

How many a white would turn black for less!

On board the train is an indefatigable general dealer, whose store is in the last car.

The Americans have the patience of angels. I have seen them, for five or six hours, refuse with the politest signs of the head the different articles of these ambulent bazaars.

Returning to Jacksonville from St. Augustine, I omitted to engage my place in a parlor car, and was obliged to find a seat in the ordinary cars. The evil was not great, seeing that the journey takes but fifty minutes.

Besides the parlor cars, the train comprised three cars, two of which were almost full. I installed myself in the third, which was empty.

Up comes the conductor.

"Come out, you can't travel in that car," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because it is the colored people's car."

"Am I not as good as they?"

"I tell you you can't travel in this car."

"I am sorry, for once, that I am not colored." I said to him, "it is much the cleanest of your carriages."

I went to the end of the last car and found myself just in front of the apple, banana, jujube, cap and bookstore.

When his last tour of the train had been made, he put by all the merchandise which he had not sold, took off his uniform, put on a black coat and hat and fastened into his cravat a huge diamond pin. I looked on at the rapid metamorphosis with great interest. When his toilet was completed he turned round, and seeing that I was looking at him, he threw me a patronizing glance, eyeing me from head to foot. I thought he was about to say:

"What is it you want?"

"Well, business is looking up, eh?" I hazarded.

"Mind your own d—— business," he he replied, and turning on his heels he departed.

### XXXVII—JONATHAN'S DOMESTICS.

**Reduced Duchesses—The Ladies of the Feather Broom—Mr. Vanderbilt's Cook. Negroes—Kitchen Pianists—A Lady Seeks a Situation as a Dish Washer.**

Jonathan's servants all appear to me to be reduced duchesses and noblemen in livery.

To get an idea of the prodigious labor undertaken by an American servant girl, one has but to see her at work doing a room, feather broom in hand.

The coal most used in America is the anthracite kind. It makes a quantity of light ashes, which covers the furniture of a room with a thick coating of dust every day.

Thanks to the feather broom, my parlor was always done in a twinkling; but before I dared go into it I was obliged to wait until the dust had returned to its place again.

Servant's wages range from $200 to $500 a year—I mean of course in good ordinary houses, and not in millionaire's mansions. Mr. C. Vanderbilt pays his chief cook ten thousand dollars. I write the sum in letters that the reader may not exclaim: "Surely there is a misprint here; the printer has put one nought too many."

In spite of the enormously high wages they pay, the Americans have so much trouble in getting good servants, that numbers of them are, so to speak, driven from their homes and obliged to take refuge in hotels and apartment houses.

Negro ones are the only ones at all deferential in manner, or who have a smile on their faces from time to time; but many people have an objection to them, and charge them with serious faults.

All the caricatures of the comic papers are outdone by realities in America.

Servant girls will sometimes refuse to enter your service if there is not a piano or a harmonium in the basement.

Others will demand folding beds. They will give you to understand that when they receive their gentleman friends it is not proper and becoming to entertain them in a room where the bed on which they repose their charms at night is spread out.

Needless to say that American "helps" vie with their mistresses in display of toilet. Every one knows that. Their diamonds are false, of course; but there are so many rhinestones worn by ladies who are not "helps," that it is difficult to distinguish the wife of a millionaire from her kitchen maid by their diamonds.

"I take care never to part on bad terms with my servants when they leave me." This was said to me one day by a clever Boston lady, who, to my thinking, lacks sufficient admiration for the democratic institutions of America.

"Why?" I demanded.

"Because, when one of those girls leave me, it is quite within the range of possibility that she will marry some western ranchman, and one day, when her husband becomes a senator, she may be useful to me at Washington."

### XXXVIII—JONATHAN'S TABLE.

**The Little Oval Dishes—The Waitresses Are Well Cared For.**

The great mass of the American people live on tough meat uncooked and iced water unfiltered.

I take it for granted that sheep and cattle are born at as tender age in America as elsewhere, but the society for the protection of animals probably prevents their being killed for food while they are young enough to enjoy life, and so the patriarchs alone are reserved for the table.

That which renders the problem of dining almost past solving is that the meat has to be attacked with plated knives which tear, but do not cut it. I suppose that, as half the lower class Americans still eat with their knives, it was necessary to abandon the idea of having steel knives, for fear of accidentally gashing their faces.

In the principal hotels of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington you can dine admirably. In the smaller towns you must be content with feeding.

But let us take our seats at the table d'hote of the best hotel in any second rate town that you please. No printed menu. A young woman with an elaborate coiffure of curls, rolls and bangs, but no cap, approaches, darts a look of contempt at you, and, turning her back upon you, gabbles off in one breath:

"Croutaupoturbotshrimpsaucerroastbeefturkeycranberrysaucepotatoestomatoesappletartmincepievanillaicream."

Do not attempt to stop her; she is wound up.

I was so ill inspired one day as to order some soup to begin with. The waitress refused downright to bring me anything more.

From that day forward, as soon as one of these witching damsels began her incantation, I cried out:

"Hold! Enough! Bring it all in."

Then I would eat the least distasteful of the messes and leave the rest. I can assure you the hotel did not make much profit out of me.

This is how the dinner is served:

The "duchess" begins by flinging a spoon and knife and fork down on the table in front of you. It is for you to set them straight, and I would advise you to do so without any murmuring. When you have taken your soup the "duchess" brings you a plate, around which she places a dozen little oval dishes in symmetrical fashion.

The first little dish contains fish and a teaspoonful of sauce of some kind. It is needless to inquire the name of this sauce. All the fish sauces are the same, only the name varies. The second apparently contains a little lump of raw beef; the third, a slice of roast turkey; the fourth, mashed potatoes: the fifth, a stewed tomato; the sixth, cranberry sauce; the seventh, chicken salad; the eighth, some rice pudding, and the last contains (horrible dictu!) a slice of apple tart with a large helping of cheese in the middle of it. These two things are eaten together, and are consequently served on the same dish.

You begin at the left. The first presents no obstacle but its bones, and is soon disposed of. You turn your attention to the next dish on the right and attack the beef. You can make no impression upon it. You pass. The turkey is not obdurate, and you fall to on that, making little raids on the potatoes, tomatoes and cranberry sauce between each mouthful. Thanks to the many climates of America, you have turkey and cranberry sauce all the winter, strawberries six months of the year and tomatoes all the year round.

Oh, the turkey and cranberry sauce! I ate enough of that dish to satisfy me for the rest of my days.

Of course, all the meats placed around your plate soon begin to cool, and you have no choice but to bolt your food, diving with knife and fork into the little dishes right and left as dexterously as you can.

Finally you come to the apple tart on the extreme right. You carefully lift the cheese and, placing it aside, prepare to eat your sweets without this strange seasoning. Unhappily the pastry has become impregnated with an odor of roquefort, and again you pass. A vanilla cream terminates your repast.

Having disposed of this, you ask yourself why you may not have your various courses served one after the other; why you must bolt your food and bring on indigestion, and why the manager of the hotel does not, before all else, study the comfort of his customers. The answer is not difficult to find. The traveler is obliged to come to his house, and he can treat him anyhow. His "helps" will only consent to stay with him on condition he gives them heavy wages and light duties.

Thus, in the hotels of America, outside of the large cities, with the rarest exceptions, the dinner is served from 1 o'clock to 3, the tea supper from 6 to 8. You happen to arrive at half past 3, tired out and famishing. You hope to be able to obtain a good meal without delay. Illusion! You must wait until the dining room door is opened and pass two hours and a half in wretchedness. How often have I implored: "Could you not get a chop cooked for me, or an omelette, or something? If that is impossible, for mercy's sake, give me a slice of cold meat." Prayers and supplications were unavailing. Occasionally a landlord would express regrets and excuses, but far oftener I got no kind of response at all. Once or twice I tried making a tempest, without any more success. Another time I tried politeness. Sheer waste of breath. The hotel is as it is; you may use it or stay away.

The Americans are quite right to study the comfort of their servants, but the well being of one class should not exist at the cost of the well being of another, and the people who travel are as interesting as those who serve at table.

Tyranny from above is a sore; tyranny from below is a pestilence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## MARING'S PERIL.

[Continued from first page.]

manufacture and care in keeping. From a round leather box Ananias now extracted a new gold-wire fourragere, which he softly wiped with a silk handkerchief, dandled lovingly an instant the glistening tassels, coiled it carefully upon the sash, then producing from the same box a long scarlet horsehair plume he first brushed it into shimmering freedom from the faintest knot or kink, then set it firmly through its socket into the front of a gold-braided shako whose black front was decked with the embroidered cross cannon of the regiment, surmounted by the arms of the United States. This he nolselessly placed upon the edge of the mantle, stepped back to complacently view his work, flicked off a possible speck of dust on the sleeve of the coat, touched with a chamois-skin the gold crescent of the nearest epaulette, then softly, noiselessly as before, vanished through the door-way, tiptoed to the adjoining window, and peeked in. Mr. Doyle had thrown himself into Pierce's armchair, and was trying to read the morning paper.

"Wunner what Mars'er Pierce will say when he gits back from breakfast," was Ananias' comment, as he sped softly down the stairs, a broad grin on his black face, a grin that almost instantly gave place to preternatural solemnity and respect as, turning sharply on the sidewalk at the foot of the stairs, he came face to face with the battery commander. Ananias would have passed with a low obeisance, but the captain halted him short.

"Where's Mr. Waring, sir?"

"Dressin' fo' inspection, captain."

"He is? I just heard in the messroom that he didn't propose attending—that he had an engagement to breakfast and was going in town."

"Ye-as, suh, ye-as, suh. Gen. Rossean, suh, expects de lieutenant in to breakfast, but the moment he hyuhd 'twas review he ohdered me to git everything ready, suh. I's goin' for de bay colt now. Beg pahdon, captain, de lieutenant says is de captain goin' to wear gauntlets or gloves dis mawnin'? He wants to do just as de captain does, suh."

What a merciful interposition of Divine Providence it is that the African cannot blush! Capt. Cram looked suspiciously at the earnest, unwinking black face before him. Some memory of old college days flitted through his mind at the moment. "O Kunopes!" ("thou dog-faced one!") he caught himself muttering, but negro diplomacy was too much for him, and the innocence in the face of Ananias would have baffled a man far more suspicious. Cram was a fellow who loved his battery and his profession as few men loved before. He was full of big ideas in one way and little oddities in another. Undoubted ability had been at the bottom of his selection over the head of many a senior to command one of the light batteries when the general dismounting took place in '65. Unusual attractions of person had won for him a wife with a fortune only a little later. The fortune had warranted a short leave abroad this very year. (He would not have taken a day over sixty, for fear of losing his light battery). He had been a stickler for gauntlets on all mounted duty when he went away, and he came home converted to white wash-leather gloves because the British horse-artillery wore no other, "and they, sir, are the nattiest in the world." He could not tolerate an officer whose soul was not aflame with enthusiasm for battery duty, and so was perpetually at war with Waring, who dared to have other aspirations. He delighted in a man who took pride in his dress and equipment, and so rejoiced in Waring, who, more than any subaltern ever attached to "X," was the very glass of soldier fashion and mold of soldier form. He had dropped in at the bachelor mess just in time to hear some gabbling youngster blurt out a bet that Sam Waring would cut review and keep his tryst in town, and he had known him many a time to overpersuade his superiors into excusing him from duty on pretext of social claims, and more than once into pardoning deliberate absence. But he and the post commander had deemed it high time to block all that nonsense in future, and had so informed him, and were nonplussed at Waring's cheery acceptance of the implied rebuke and most airy, graceful and immediate change of the subject. The whole garrison was chuckling over it by night.

"Why, certainly, colonel," said he, "I have been most derelict of late during the visit of all these charming people from the north; and that reminds me, some of them are going to drive out here to hear the band this afternoon and take a bite at my quarters. I was just on my way to beg Mrs. Braxton and Mrs. Cram to receive for me, when your orderly came. And, colonel, I want your advice about the champagne. Of course I needn't say I hope you both will honor me with your presence." Old Brax loved champagne and salad better than anything his profession afforded, and was disarmed at once. As for Cram, what could he say when the post commander dropped the matter? With all his daring disregard of orders and established customs, with all his consummate sang-froid and what some called impudence and others "cheek," every superior under whom he had ever served had sooner or later become actually fond of Sam Waring—even stern old Rounds—"old Double Rounds" the boys called him, one of the martinets of the service, whose first experience with the fellow was as memorable as it was unexpected, and who wound up, after a vehement scoring of some two minutes' duration, during which Waring had stood patiently at attention with an expression of the liveliest sympathy and interest on his handsome face, by asking impressively: "Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

To which, with inimitable mixture of suavity and concern, Sam replied: "Nothing whatever, sir. I doubt if anything more could be said. I had no adequate idea of the extent of my misdoing. Have I your permission to sit down, sir, and think it over?"

Rounds actually didn't know what to think, and still less what to say. Had he believed for an instant that the young gentleman was insincere, he would have had him in close arrest in the twinkling of an eye; but Waring's tone and words and manner were those of contrition itself. It was not possible that one of the boys should dare to be guying him, the implacable Rounds, "Old Grand Rounds" of the Sixth corps, old Double Rounds of the horse artillery of the Peninsula days. Mrs. Rounds had her suspicions when told of the affair, but was silent, for of all the officers stationed in and around the old southern city Sam Waring was by long odds the most graceful and accomplished dancer and german leader, the best informed on all manner of interesting matters—social, musical, dramatic, fashionable—the prime mover in garrison hops and parties, the connecting link between the families of the general and staff officers in town and the linesmen at the surrounding posts, the man whose dictum as to a dinner or luncheon and whose judgment as to a woman's toilet were most quoted and least questioned, the man whose word could almost make or mar an army girl's success; and good old Lady Rounds had two such encumbrances the first winter of their sojourn in the south, and two army girls among so many are subjects of not a little thought and care. If Mr. Waring had not led the second german with Margaret Rounds the mother's heart would have been well-nigh crushed. It was fear of some such catastrophe that kept her silent on the score of Waring's reply to her irate lord, for if Sam did mean to be impertinent, as he unquestionably could be, the colonel's wife knew would be merciless in his discipline and social amenities would be at instant end. Waring had covered her with maternal triumph and Margaret with bliss unutterable by leading the ante-Lenten german with the elder daughter and making her brief stay a month of infinite joy. The Rounds were ordered on to Texas, and Margaret's brief romance was speedily and properly forgotten in the devotions of a more solid if less fascinating fellow. To do Waring justice, he had paid the girl no more marked attention than he showed to anyone else. He would have led the next german with Genevieve had there been another to lead, just as he had led previous affairs with other dames and damsels. It was one of the ninety-nine articles of his social faith that a girl should have a good time her first season, just as it was another that a bride should have a lovely wedding, a belle at least one offer a month, a married woman as much attention at an army ball as could be lavished on a bud. He prided himself on the fact that no woman at the army parties given that winter had remained a wallflower. Among such a host of officers as was there assembled during the years that followed on the heels of the war it was no difficult matter, to be sure, to find partners for the thirty or forty ladies who honored those occasions with their presence. Of local belles there were none. It was far too soon after the bitter strife to hope for bliss so great as that. There were hardly any but army women to provide for, and even the bulkiest and least attractive of the lot was led out for the dance. Waring would go to any length to see them on the floor but that of being himself the partner. There the line was drawn irrevocably. The best dancer among the men, he simply would not dance except with the best dancers among the women. As to personal appearance and traits, it may be said first that Waring was a man of slender, graceful physique, with singularly well-shaped hands and feet and a head and face that were almost too good-looking to be manly. Dark hazel eyes, dark brown hair, eyebrows, lashes, and a very heavy, drooping mustache, a straight nose, a soft, sensitive mouth with even white teeth that were, however, rarely visible, a clear-cut chin, and with it all a soft, almost languid southern intonation, musical, even ultra-refined, and he shrank like a woman from a coarse word or the utterance of an impure thought. He was a man whom many women admired, of whom some were afraid, whom many liked and trusted, for he could not be bribed to say a mean thing about one of their number, though he would sometimes be satirical to her very face. It was among the men that Sam Waring was hated or loved—loved, laughed over, indulged, even spoiled, perhaps, to any and every extent, by the chosen few who were his chums and intimates—and absolutely hated by a very considerable element that was prominent in our friends out from town. They would have been so pleased to see the battalion—the ceremonies."

"H'm! There was plenty of time if you'd returned to the post at retreat yesterday, sir," growled old Braxton. "Everybody was notified who was here then. What time did you get back, sir?"

"Upon my word, colonel, I don't know. I never thought to look or inquire; but it was long after taps. Pardon me, though, I see I'm late inspecting." And in a moment he was riding quietly around among his teams and guns, narrowly scrutinizing each toggle, trace and strap before taking station midway between his lead drivers, and then, as Cram approached, reporting: "Left section ready, sir."

Meantime, the infantry companies were marching out through the gate and then ordering arms and resting until adjutant's call should sound. Drivers and cannoneers were dismounted to await the formation of the battalion line. Waring rode forward and in the most jovial off-hand way began telling Cram of the incidents of the previous day and his sight-seeing with the party of visitors from the north.

"By the way, I promised Mr. Allerton that they should see that team of yours before they left; so, if you've no objection, the first morning you're on duty and can't go up, I'll take advantage of your invitation and drive Miss Allerton myself. Doesn't that court adjourn this week?"

"I'm afraid not," said Cram, grimly. "It looks as though we'll have to sit to-day and to-morrow both."

"Well, that's too bad! They all want to meet you again. Couldn't you come up this evening after stables? Hello! this won't do; our infantry friends will be criticising us; I see you're wearing gloves and I'm in gauntlets. So is Doyle. We can't fit him out. I'm afraid, but I've just got some from New York exactly like yours. I'll trot back while we're waiting, if you don't object, and change them."

Cram didn't want to say yes, yet didn't like to say no. He hesitated, and—was lost. In another moment, as though never imagining refusal was possible, Waring had quickly ridden away through the gate and disappeared behind the high brick wall.

When the bugle sounded "mount," three minutes later, and the battery broke into column of pieces to march away to the maneuvering grounds, Mr. Ferry left the line of caissons and took command of the rear section. All that the battery saw of Waring or his mount the rest of the morning was just after reaching the line, when the fiery colt came tearing riderless around the field, joyfully dodging every attempt of the spectators to catch him, and reveling in the delight of kicking up his heels and showing off in the presence and sight of his envious friends in harness. Plunge though they might, the horses could not join; dodge though they might the bipeds could not catch him. Review, inspection, and the long ceremonials of the morning went off without the junior first lieutenant of Battery X, who, for his part, went off without ceremony of any kind, Cram's stylish team and wagon with him. That afternoon he reappeared driving about the barrack square, a pretty girl at his side, both engrossed in the music of the band and apparently oblivious of the bottled-up wrath of either battery or post commander.

"Be gorra!" said Doyle, "I'd like to be in his place now, provided I didn't have to be in it to-morrow."

But when the morrow came there was no Waring with it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


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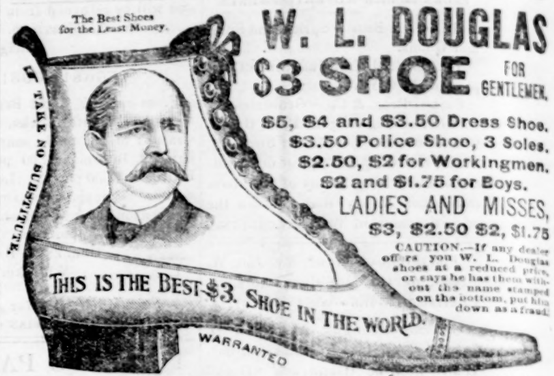


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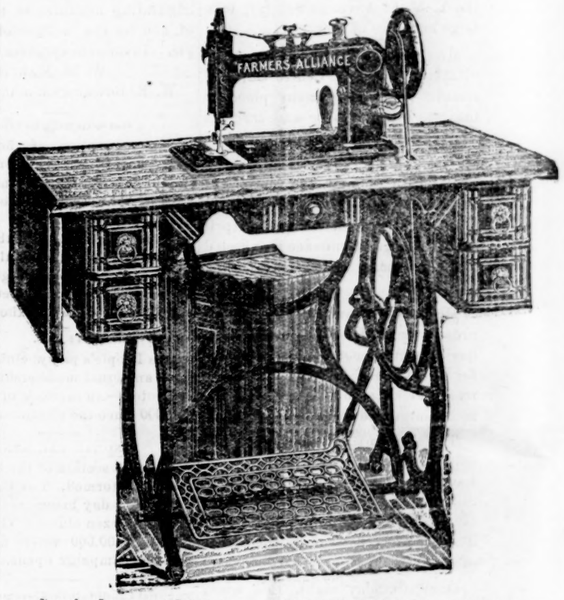


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Jack—I can't make out what Miss Pinkie's little present to me means.

George—If it's useful, it means that she is interested in your comfort, and would probably say "yes." If it's only ornamental, it mean that the present is sent merely as a little token to a friend.

Jack—The one she sent me is both useful and ornamental. It is a handsomely decorated individual salt cellar.

George—That means that she considers you both useful and ornamental, but a little too fresh.—[New York Weekly.

---

Mrs. Binks—How does it happen that Mrs. Nextdoor can afford to dress better than I can?

Mr. Binks—They haven't been married long, and I presume he isn't quite broke yet.

Johnny's mother found him weeping bitterly. Something serious must have happened.

"Why, Johnny, my dear, what is the matter?"

"Boo-hoo! Grandpa just fell down on the we-wet walk and got his clothes all mud."

"But don't cry, Johnny. I am glad to find you so kind-hearted and sympathetic."

"Ye-ye-yes, and sister saw him, and I—I didn't."—[Truth.


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Respectfully yours,
JAS. M. NEWTON,
Aberdeen, Brown County, O.

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(Signed by) J. D. JOHNSTON.
Savannah, Ga.

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